

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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By order of the Council.
Jan. 15, 1848. J. DE C. SOWERBY, Sec.

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The New Philosophy. London: Saunders and Otley.

THE would-be teachers of our times, in the absence of the true teachers so much needed, may be divided into the following classes:—

I. The Eclectic Diluters. II. The Intellectual Tillotons. III. The Metaphysical Mocking-Birds. IV. The Pseudo-Mystics. V. The Phrase-Makers. VI. The Sentimentalists. VII. The Canters.

The Eclectic Diluter has great power of appropriation and of utterance, with imperturbable self-possession, or what is vulgarly called impudence. He has no ideas of his own, no convictions. He is a man without prejudices, because strong prejudices imply strong feelings. There is no subject with which he has not a superficial acquaintance—none on which he is not willing to give half-a-dozen lectures at a moment's notice. He steals thoughts and suggestions from every quarter with the same sublime indifference; but always praises those most from whom he steals the least—the most ingenious of all modes for concealing theft. He hates original thinkers, and men eminently gifted with individuality of character; no one so ready as he to help in sneering them down as fools or madmen. But if the world takes from persecuting to idolizing them, he forthwith discovers that the fool is a genius, and that the madman is a prophet, and discourses by the hour on hero-worship. He never says anything that his fellows do not perfectly comprehend, nor anything absolutely new; but by talking glibly of what is mystical, he seems to be profound; and by varying his claptrap appeals with paradoxes purloined from the last book he has been reading, he seems to be as ingenious in conception as he is brilliant in speech. It might not be quite correct to call this man a quack; but when a clever rhetorician, which is all he is or can pretend to be, sets up for a great moral or religious reformer, is it not something akin to quackery?

The Intellectual Tillotson has claims to be considered a thinker; but he wishes to stand forth in the eyes of men as one of those primordial sages whose high vocation it is to make wisdom and holiness once more an identical and potent fact in the midst of a degenerate society. If the Intellectual Tillotson were to confine himself to the writing of pleasant, sparkling, picturesque essays, he would be doing all that he has the faculty to do. If he were satisfied with being something much less than MONTAIGNE, he would be a delightful and suggestive, but far from vigorous writer; but aiming to be SOCRATES, PLATO, CONFUCIUS, all in one, with a dash of SWEDENBORG, KANT, FICHTE, and NOVALIS in addition, it is only to the dazzled brain of young esthustastic admirers that he can seem more of an oracle than a charlatan. The grand object of his life is to excite, to astonish, to bewilder. He is displeased if any one should see more than half of his meaning; he is content to have no meaning at all, rather than this should happen. The initiated wag their head with prodigious gravity when he says anything falser or more absurd than usual, as if all the millions of men were far gone in an assinine

direction except the dozen disciples of this unrivalled genius. When he gives breath to one of those truisms which have been known from SOLOMON downward, it is no longer a truism, but a revelation. Now and then he condescends to talk common sense, but his fanatical believers will not admit that his light, any more than his darkness, is like the light or the darkness of other people. He is too honest to be a sophist, too proud to be a rhetorician, and perhaps in his soul he has a deep horror of conventional imbecilities, both literary and social. And yet his teaching is more pernicious than if he attempted directly to seduce and corrupt by rhetoric and sophistry. It creates and feeds that intellectual vanity which is the most fatal obstacle to true knowledge; it weakens in the precise degree that it stimulates, and it obliterates the distinction between right and wrong by involving the mind and the conscience in one common chaos.

The Metaphysical Mocking Bird is generally an amiable but superficial person, whose dream and delusion it is that all which the world wants to make it better is large doses of transcendental philosophy. You hear him continually babbling of the objective, the subjective, the categorical imperative, methodology and consciousness. He is incapable of constructing a metaphysical system, or of solving metaphysical problems; and he is not vain enough to suppose that he can do either. His ambition is not so much to be a great metaphysician himself as to tell the English community what great metaphysicians in other ages and in other lands have thought. Tell him that he is equal to SCHELLING, and he would feel offended; tell him that he approaches COUSIN, and he feels flattered. He prefers French metaphysical works to German, because they are so much more lucid, concise, eloquent, and effective; but he takes care not to avow it. He is half inclined to think HEGEL a prosy and ponderous pedant, but he is obliged, when in the company of brother metaphysicians, to speak of him with great apparent reverence lest they should doubt either the warmth of his metaphysical zeal, or the extent of his metaphysical acquirements. To call this man a quack would be in the highest degree incorrect; he is neither vain, mercenary, nor enterprising enough to try quackery. But if not a quack, he is a pretender. He immensely overrates the value of metaphysics as a means of helping the improvement of the world. In this he commits a blunder. But it is something worse than a blunder when he pompously and everlastingly parades his small stock of metaphysical knowledge, affecting to be as learned in the thing as he is fluent in the terminology, and aspires, as the historian of philosophy, to do BRUCKER'S work with about a thousandth part of BRUCKER'S erudition.

The Pseudo-Mystic is a very conceited personage. The true Mystic is the humblest of the humble. Before the dread shadow of the Infinite, his soul is ever prostrate, consumed by ineffable longing and sympathy. His keenest pain is, that he cannot sufficiently efface his personality and its worldly relations. He cares not how his brow is scarred and his heart is bruised, provided each wound, each pang, becomes an inlet of Deity, and stuns him into forgetfulness of human life and its vain agitations. But the Pseudo-Mystic, the Infinite, is not a thing of the yearning soul but of the babbling lip. He has never been touched by its radiance, sanctified by its beauty, because he has ever faced its terrors; and to whom the divine has not first been crucifixion, it can never be reve-

lation and bliss. Thought has its martyrdoms no less than duty, and more formidable, too, since the power to bear them must all be derived from within. But the Pseudo-Mystic plays with thought as with a toy, and surrounds it with an artificial darkness, that he may make the light that he pretends to have drawn from the sacred fountain of eternity the more brilliant and striking. The darkness, however, is not the sublime veil which the Creator has spread on immeasurable space, but a thick obscurity which the Pseudo-Mystic has cast for a few yards around himself, to give effect to certain magic-lantern exhibitions of a fancy at once weak and wild. The Pseudo-Mystic has sat at the feet of COLERIDGE, though the only thing in which he resembles that celebrated person is in monopolising the conversation in a manner as amusing as it is impertinent. He also dabbles in poetry after the manner of DANTE, because DANTE is eminently the mystical poet; but his poetry is so very mystical, that nobody reads it. The Pseudo-Mystic is very good-natured, and errs chiefly in supposing that he is one of the leaders of the age. He leads it in the same way that a clown, accidentally walking considerably in the van of an army on its march, might be said to lead it.

The Phrase-Maker is found principally in the pulpit. He is not without a certain kind of talent—a talent which far superior men sometimes want—the talent of style. He can turn a period with admirable skill; but as a thinker, he is meagre and barren. His rapid nothings, however, are so admirably dressed, that they look like thoughts. It was lately stated in the newspapers, that a singular fraud is carried on by some of the Nottingham lace-makers, who give to cotton the appearance of silk. The fraud is this:—Silk thread is dissolved by a chemical process, and after the cotton thread has been drawn through the solution, it has the gloss of silk, from which the eye cannot distinguish it. Emblem most fit of the Phrase-Maker, whose cotton thoughts have a silken look from the glittering words in which they are arrayed. In language, however, as in social intercourse, dress always carries its influence—an influence the power of which even wise men feel, though they do not like to confess it. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the Phrase-Maker should be hailed as the Great Apostle of truths, in which he has no further interest than that they afford him materials for constructing sounding sentences. He is more of an artist, and less of a rhetorician, than the Eclectic Diluter. He has less facility of speech, but far more ability in the choice and collection of words. The Phrase-Maker is apparently a hypocrite, but it is judging him altogether from a wrong point of view to suppose him so. When he talks so grandly, and with such fascinating euphony of the heroic, the magnanimous, the ideal, and the divine, of the thousand noble and holy things which would make earth better and happier, while he studiously and fastidiously avoids all social conflict, in which there is not even danger, but simply discomfort, people cry,—Oh! coward. Oh! hypocrite. But there is little, if any, hypocrisy in the case. The Phrase-Maker is merely the slave of the beautiful in words. He has not the slightest design of deceiving. His whole inspiration is artistical, and he would deem it the highest injustice to be estimated by anything but an artistical standard. You are a man with a profound faith in certain grand realities; he is a man of the world, and those grand realities are part of his stock in trade. You think him a knave; he thinks you

a fool. You are both alike mistaken. The artist and the hero never have understood, and never will understand, each other.

The Sentimentalist abounds among the smaller fry of writers for periodicals. He is a man without a particle of real charity, or of brave benevolence, but with great pretence to feeling. He is always in a whimpering mood. Let others shed their blood for divine truth and human regeneration, he is very willing to shed his tears, and what more would you ask? With him pathos is power, and he would conquer wrong by weeping. He deals so largely in the pathetic, however, not so much because he has a natural inclination to it, as because the pathetic happens at present to be the most saleable of literary articles. No age has ever been so sentimental as this, and therefore it is natural that the Sentimentalist should be the most popular of its teachers. It is reason enough that he should be popular, that he exacts no severer sacrifices from his disciples than that they should pour out tears as abundantly as himself. It is so pleasant to indulge our superficial sensibilities when the mere indulgence gains us a character for the deepest sympathy! The art of the Sentimentalist does not require to be of a very skilful or elaborate kind. He neither needs vigour of thought, nor finish of style, nor literary excellence of any kind. He has but to touch with a rapid and gentle, rather than a dexterous hand, certain common-place susceptibilities which are all the more easily excited from lying so near the surface of the character.

The Canter is too well known to require much description. He is not confined to religion, though he may find that his most profitable field. Of late years the old Religious Canter has rather been losing his influence, and his place has been taken by the Social Canter, who, if somewhat less unctuous, is quite as hypocritical. The Social Canter aspires more directly and energetically than the Sentimentalist to the position of a teacher, but though differing in some points, they have a great deal in common. The Sentimentalist is in general the more mercenary, and the Social Canter the more ambitious; but they agree in seeking their own selfish objects under the guise of philanthropy. The Sentimentalist, however, is satisfied with immediate results, while the Social Canter aims at having at his command subtle and complex agencies, and at forming a party that may look up to him as an oracle. No man begins with being a quack; and the Social Canter has always been the social reformer ere he degenerates into the charlatan. The point at which the transformation arrives, is when from denouncing evils he takes to proposing remedies. This point is the crisis in the destiny of all who appear before the world as teachers. If they are true teachers, they are infinitely grander in the remedies they offer than in the denunciation of the evils to be removed; if they are false teachers, they fail the moment they venture on the statement of remedies. It is the consciousness of their mental incapacity which thus first drives such men to charlatanism; having acquired a certain influence and fame as the opponents of notable iniquities, they are unwilling to descend from their position at the moment that it has become dearest to them. To confess that they really have no remedies worthy the world's attention would be to admit how presumptuous they are to hold further the prominent place they occupy. To conceal their ignorance, therefore, they resort to tricks that they formerly despised, and the reformer becomes the quack, though we may still consider him as frequently in earnest when he resumes

his old character—that of a denouncer of evils.

To which of these seven classes of would-be-teachers the author of *The New Philosophy* belongs we shall leave to him, and to those of our readers who choose to look into his book, to decide. Most assuredly he is not one of those true and primordial teachers whose vocation it is to save the world when it needs salvation, at the most. Why he should have published such a work at all we are at a loss to conjecture; still more at a loss to discover why he should call it *The New Philosophy*, for we never read a production pretending to be philosophical which had less claim to be considered new. The author is evidently a well meaning person; but his reading must have been exceedingly limited if he supposes that he has stated one single principle which has not been set forth a thousand and a thousand times before. To enter on an elaborate analysis of *The New Philosophy* would therefore be a waste of time. Nevertheless, the book may not be without interest to those who have never hitherto examined the subjects of which it treats. What will inevitably make it seem meagre and commonplace to the more advanced students of human nature and human history, may render it acceptable to him who has never studied or speculated on either. The author's ideas are clearly and pleasantly given, though without much warmth and force; and perhaps in some other and less ambitious department of literary endeavour he might obtain a success which we consider him incapable of ever reaching in philosophy.

HISTORY.

Italy, Past and Present. By L. MARIOTTI.
2 vols. London: Chapman, 1848.

"Down in a southern clime, amidst the silent waves of a tideless sea, there lies a weary land, whose life is only in the past and the future. It is the purpose of this work to interrogate the monuments of her past—to throw some light on the mystery of her future."

Such is the pathetic prologue to MARIOTTI'S eloquent discourses upon the changeful fortunes of his native land;—her past so full of glory—her future so full of hope—her present a blank. It is, probably, with a desire to read her destinies in her experience, that he has sought to trace in a rapid sketch, that mingles the substance of history with the manner of a discourse, her rise, her noontide glories, and her decline. The tale is full of interest; for the reader who seeks amusement, will find it abundantly; he who looks for food for thought, will discover a problem in almost every page.

The present condition of Italy, big with events whose results will affect not only its own fortunes, but the destinies of Europe, gives to these volumes, the production of one of her most gifted children, a special value beyond any intrinsic attractions, and will secure for them an extensive popularity.

For Signor MARIOTTI is no rash enthusiast. He does not dream of the regeneration of Italy this year or the next. He cannot share the excited hopes of those who imagine that her independence is to be carried by a *coup de main*. While protesting against the disheartening theories of those who assert that her fate is sealed for ever—that her race is run—that she has fallen to rise no more—he is equally energetic in his warnings to those sanguine tempers who, "elated by the first gleam of sunshine," are ready to exclaim, "Italy is safe!" Even the existence of a liberal Pope, he looks upon as not an accident, but the manifestation of OPINION, that has been long at work. Thus he contrasts Old and Young Italy:—"Italy in modern civilisation the eldest of countries, exhibits in her outward aspect the long ravages of age. Ruins of forums and mausoleums, arches of bridges and aqueducts, Gothic castles and temples, nunneries, dungeons, Madonnas and Venuses, the wrecks of all worship and governments, all crushed

in a common heap, mouldering in a general dissolution. Such is Old Italy. But among those ruins a few warm, confiding hearts were seen, impatient of that lingering decay, actively though rather indiscriminately, hastening the work of time, trampling those remains with disdain, to level them to the ground, a basis for new edifices; young believers, firm in the opinion of an approaching redemption, sanguine thinkers exulting in the eternal reproduction of all things. Such was Young Italy, the element of Italy as it rose from the dead. It could not have been difficult for a candid observer to recognise in that country an age of transition. Such is, in fact, the condition of all Europe; but in other countries it is a question of democracy or aristocracy, of reforms and constitutions; in Italy it is a question of existence. The revolution of Italy must be a total subversion of all social orders; it is not to be effected by sects or conspiracies, not by fortuitous incidents of wars, or changes of dynasties; it must arise from the recasting of the individual and national character, from the enlightened resentment of masses, from the sympathy of an immense compact population, from the resources of a rich soil, from the seeds sown by a liberal, refined civilisation, developed in several unsuccessful attempts, and strengthened by insane persecutions. Few countries have, in the course of the last fifty years—we mean the age of Napoleon—undergone a more total revolution than Italy. Her political divisions and boundaries are indeed nearly the same, with the exception, perhaps, of Venice and Genoa, the last leaves hanging on a withered branch, which were doomed to drop at the first blast of November; but all the notions, the morals, the passions, the prejudices and superstitions, the popular festivals and spectacles have either been entirely abolished, or changed in their nature and tendency, or are gradually losing their interest."

MARIOTTI desires it to be understood that he is not writing the history of Italy or of her literature; he aims only at presenting some reflections on both subjects as essentially connected; he seeks to study the sources of her greatness in the middle and modern ages, and of her gradual decline and fall, so as to refer whatever is said of the past as a lesson for the present and the future.

Thus viewed, the history of Italy is a grand and complete drama divisible into five acts, or eras, each distinctly defined. The first is the age of darkness. It "will comprehend the history of the Italian nations from the time when they sprang vigorously forth from the mixture of the northern and eastern invaders with the remains of the Roman world: it will go back to the sources of modern institutions, manners, and feelings, such as they arose from the contact of the rude but active temper of the conquerors with the corrupted but enlightened manners of the conquered: it will examine the influence exerted upon both by a new religion, which came to soothe, to level, to heal; and, sketching the course of events, it will disclose by what providential magistracy the new seeds of liberty and independence were gradually developed—how, after long struggles between Goths and Greeks, between Lombards and Franks, after long domestic quarrels between popes and emperors, between kings and vassals, tending to disgrace equally the monarchical, the feudal, and the papal system, the popular element was roused from silence in the ardent Lombard and Tuscan cities—that element which a long age of usurpation seemed to have effaced from the body politic, and erased from the memory of mankind; it will relate how the ancient seeds of Greek and Roman lore, buried under the barbaric alluvions, began slowly to germinate in the theological and philosophical universities instituted by Charlemagne and his successors; it will give a short account of the semi-barbarous writings of the fathers of the church, of the monkish chronicles of the middle ages, and of the more active and living pursuits of the doctors of law in the universities of the newly emancipated republics; it will watch the rise and progress of the modern Italian language, making its way with difficulty through the obstacles that a narrow-minded pedantry raised against it, announcing that the present was to bid adieu to the

past, and that a new nation was formed. It will examine what influence the glowing poetry of the Arabians and Provençals, and the warlike songs and gloomy superstitions of the Germans and Normans, may have exerted on the future start of Italian genius, and what share the French trouvères and troubadours have a right to claim in the glory of Petrarch and Ariosto."

The second era is that of the age of liberty. It "embraces the glories of the Italian republics from the first sanctioning of the independence of the Lombard cities at the peace of Constance in 1183, down to the last agony of liberty in Florence under the repeated assaults of papal perfidy and imperial violence in 1530. This is the epoch of the great history Sismondi has illustrated. It is an age of strife and movement, of energy and enthusiasm, of blindness and ferocity. A youthful nation, infatuated with the consciousness of its own vigour, restless, credulous, discordant, exhausts its forces to its own destruction. Liberty is no sooner secured than abused. Feudal and democratic elements, Guelphs and Ghibelines, popes and antipopes, crusades and heresies, feuds between neighbouring cities, factions within the walls of the same city, turn the whole country into a vast field of battle. Meanwhile a confused mass of Roman and barbaric institutions, the collision of a hundred undefined and contradictory rights and privileges, hurry on the social order to its final dissolution, until at length every one of those inconsiderate republics, at different intervals, falls a prey to the tyrant it had nourished in its bosom. But the spirit of liberty breathed over the land—the energies of those disorderly states increased and redoubled in these obstinate struggles. Venice, Genoa, and Pisa divided the empire of the seas. The manufactures of Milan and Florence supplied all Europe. Italian fleets and chivalry retreated the last of all from Palestine; Italian squadrons routed the Saracens in Sicily, Sardinia, and Spain, and letters and arts shone with so intense a lustre that no length of time will ever eclipse it. From the silence of the cloisters where it lay confined, a sterile privilege of sickly old men, the new literature started into life, wild and fiery as the stormy age which it was called to enlighten; a blessed age, when the heart of the writer was glowing, and the hand trembling with the agitation of public life, when the scholar was at once a citizen, a warrior, a magistrate, when genius moved unconfin'd in its orbit, swayed by no power but the feeling of the importance and dignity of its mission. This was the literature of the age of Dante. It embraced the whole of the fourteenth century, but it descended also partially through the following epochs, wherever a faint breath of liberty was found to foster it; it developed itself afresh during the last struggles of Florence, in the pages of Machiavelli and Varchi; it animated the canvas of Leonardo, and the marble of Michael Angelo; it led, in different pursuits; the last Italian heroes, Colonna, Strozzi, Doria, and Dandolo, to their daring exploits; and the Italian navigators, Columbus, Amerigo, and the Cabots, to their venturous cruises."

The third era is that of domestic tyranny, the age of the MEDICI, which he terms "the age of splendour," commencing at the court of the first COSMO, and embracing the age of LEO X. down to the last patronage granted to literature by the Duke of SAVOY and the patrician aristocracy of Venice. Of this golden age it is said by Signor MARIOTTI, that "literature now abode in the courts of Augustus and Mæcenæ. The charms of poetry and eloquence learned to dress flattery in all the pomp of a courtly garb. It was an age of theatres and academies, of refinement and luxury, of ebriety and extravagance. As the abuse of liberty had led the Italian republics to an immature death, so the abuse of learning had, at the beginning of this period, suffocated Italian literature, which in its outset had soared so high. Owing principally to the heroic efforts of Petrarch, Boccaccio, and their contemporaries, the relics of Greek and Roman lore had been rescued from the oblivious dust of the middle ages. From that moment classical studies absorbed all attention; and all literary capacities in Italy, especially the illus-

trious friends and guests of Cosmo dei Medici, conspired to the deplorable attempt of reviving the dead languages, to the proscription of the living; and, while filling the libraries with a vast number of Greek and Latin volumes, they left a blank of a hundred years in the national literature, which was sunk and lost, for all that long interval, and nearly plunged into utter oblivion. Lorenzo dei Medici, at length, anxious to secure his throne upon the basis of popular favour, laboured with his gay retinue at the revival of popular songs. The Este in Ferrara and the Gonzaga in Mantua, opened a stage for dramas and pastorals. Chivalry having reached its last period, the Italian minstrels—Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso—endeavoured to revive it in their strains. But with the academies the spirit of imitation and servility had already corrupted literature in its new sources, and clipped the wings of spontaneous genius. The sweet effusions of Petrarch, and the sublimest masterpieces of the Greek stage, were reproduced to infinity in languid and dull parodies by the refined but enervated crowds of the academies, and the ever-warbling swains of Arcadia. Meanwhile, deterred from the cultivation of letters by the war that had been of late waged against thought, the gentle hearts of Raphael and Correggio turned to a more harmless and mute way of expansion, to the contemplation and the reproduction of the beautiful in the fine arts, an enthusiasm which could no longer find nourishment in the debates of public life; while other spirits of a more ardent temper, impatient of unaccustomed subjection at home, carried among strangers their restless genius, inspired them with their thirst for bold enterprises, guided them to new discoveries by land and by sea, or spread among them the sparkle of light which they had taken from the sun of their country."

The fourth act is that of foreign dominion, or the age of decline. "It commenced with the first invasion of Charles VIII. of France, and ended with the epoch of the French revolution. It was a succession of inroads of French and Spaniards, Swiss and Austrians, by turns invited and expelled by the Italians themselves, until those deluded partisans were forced to acknowledge a master in each of the auxiliaries they had the imprudence to evoke. Yet neither was this deplorable period destitute of high interest, nor did Italian independence set without leaving glorious records. The complete subjection of Italy was the work of three centuries, and the present generation have witnessed the last blows that were struck at it. All this long interval was a progressive school of degradation and baseness, a state of society verging to its utmost decay; an age in which men lost all energy, even for crime. Such was Italy in the hands of strangers, for, wherever a spark of independence still fluttered, there the Italian spirit renewed its prodigies of valour; and the long struggles of Venice against the Ottoman powers, the wars of the house of Savoy against France and Austria, and the frequent revolts at Naples, Milan, and Genoa, against inquisition and despotism, manifestly revealed a nation crushed, not subdued—slumbering, not dead. Letters shared in the universal infirmity. It was a literature of inquisitors and Jesuits, of fetters and fagots. It had its origin among the extravagances of Marini, it ended with the effeminacies of Metastasio, and the obscenities of Casti. Not, however, without exceptions: Filicaja and Fulvio Testi, Sarpi and Campanella, and a few other lofty minds attested that the overflowing corruption had not reached the highest summits; for the human mind, when once roused, cannot be so suddenly repressed, and it turns with redoubled activity to open new ways in proportion as the old ones are closed against it. By the side of the all-chilling Academy della Crusca, the heroic associations for the promotion of science and experiments in natural philosophy, dei Lincei and del Cimento rose, fought, and suffered; and, while Marini abused his genius to dazzle his age with the tinsel of his verses, Galileo amazed the earth with his tidings from heaven."

The fifth and last act of this great drama, which he terms "Italy at her reawakening," dates from the times of FERDINAND and LEOPOLD of Tuscany, and extends to the present day. "It was an age of

reaction and recovery, of disgust, of repentance. To the blind and savage sway of the Spaniards had succeeded the tardy and sleepily rule of the Austrians. The last descendants of the Italian reigning families had dropped one by one, for want of succession. The new rulers, by the enjoyment of a long peace, and by the general relaxation of manners, being now in a state of complete security, had remitted the bloody policy on which their predecessors had based their throne. While some of them indulged in childish but innocent pastimes, others busied themselves with political and religious reforms. A new spirit of life developed itself in the philosophical works of Vico, Beccaria, Filangeri, and Mario Pagano, and in the historical pages of the hero and martyr Giannone: it found a more virtual utterance in the verses of the austere Parini, and in the bronze cast scenes of Alfieri."

So much for the past. But there is a future for her as for us all. Thus eloquently does MARIOTTI conclude his Introduction, at which point we leave him for the present.

God has, at last, mercy on long-enduring Italy! Her princes may yet desert her. Her Pope, even if infallible, is not immortal. But God is eternal and is with her. Happy, if she learns to trust in Him and herself alone! Her sorrow has been weighed: her fate is mature. Kings and pontiffs may now work it out. It is not they, however, that prepared it. The spirit that is alive within her comes direct from the breath of her Maker. The phoenix has been consumed upon her funeral pyre. Her last breath has vanished in the air with the smoke of her ashes; but the dawn breaks; the first rays of the sun are falling upon the desolate hearth; the ashes begin to heave, and from their bosom the new bird springs forth with luxuriant plumage, displaying her bold flight, with her eyes fixed on that sun from which she derived her origin.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Australia Felix; or, a Historical and Descriptive Account of the Settlement of Port Phillip, New South Wales: including full Particulars of the Manners and Condition of the Aboriginal Natives, with Observations on Emigration, on the System of Transportation, and on Colonial Policy. By WILLIAM WESTGARTH. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. London. ANOTHER volume about Australia! Now with this we should not quarrel if it contained the narrative of personal adventure, the actual experiences of a colonist, his expectations, his calculations, his preparations previous to his departure as compared with the realities of an arrival; the impressions made upon him by a new climate, a new country, a new state of society; what difficulties he encountered, and how he subdued them; the privations to which he was compelled to submit, and how they were endured; the results of his labours in actual profit, and the hopes that beckon to him from the future. These, and such as these, are always interesting and fresh, let them come from any country however much written about; for as no two minds are alike, no two colonists would have the same tale to tell. But a mere history and geography—a dry collection of facts, however authentic and valuable in themselves, is not calculated to attract the general reader, and above all when these are only repetitions of statements which have previously appeared in other authorities.

Yet is such the character of Mr. WESTGARTH'S volume. It is a learned and laborious book, more useful for the library of reference than the circulating library. It is true that he throws in many new observations of his own and reasons soundly upon the facts he has gathered, but these do not compensate for the general dullness of the work, which will, therefore, appear to be more interesting when judged by extracts than it will be found in itself. Of

course, to the intending emigrant the very defect that forbids its popularity with the general reader is an additional attraction. He looks for facts and figures, and he will find them here both abundantly and faithfully reported.

We glean a few of the passages best calculated to amuse the readers of a literary journal.

THE WINES OF AUSTRALIA FELIX.

The wines of the Sydney district have usually been hitherto of a light or Rhenish character. We have still to learn the results of Port Phillip manufacture. In the mean time, I am anxious to caution my fellow colonists against the common practice of applying to these new descriptions of wine the old and standard names of the produce of the other hemisphere. All the difference in flavour in the case of the former is ever liable to be judged as all inferiority. New South Wales port or Australian sherry will never pass muster at the festive boards of the mother country. Under a totally distinct nomenclature, our Australian manufacture will stand upon its own independent merits, instead of vainly struggling for a position under the adopted title of European wines.

AGRICULTURE OF AUSTRALIA FELIX.

For the last four years the supply of agricultural and garden produce in Australia Felix has been extremely abundant, and the prices lower than in most other countries. In 1844 and the following year, the four-pound loaf was selling at 4d.; and as the price of beef and mutton during the same period ranged from 1d. to 1½d. per pound, the cost of living was reduced to a very trifling expense. The loaf has since advanced to 6d. or 7d. and beef and mutton are now about 2d. per pound. These still moderate rates are not likely to be much if at all increased during any season or for any permanent time. The show of fruit is still comparatively limited, as the gardens are as yet but little advanced: but each succeeding year greatly enhances the quantity, and prospectively the district will be abundantly supplied. The grape, the peach, the apricot, the nectarine, the quince, the almond, all the varieties of the plum, are produced in the greatest profusion, along with the cherry, the apple, the pear, and other descriptions common to the mother country. The rent of farms and gardens, as may be supposed, is in general low. Where fluctuations of commerce and the varieties of soil and situation affect in every degree the value of all landed property, it is difficult to estimate any scale of rents. A cleared field of 100 acres, with a small cottage and garden a few miles from town, may be had for about 40l. a year. The profits of agriculture are in general by no means tempting; but the climate is pleasant, the mode of life agreeable, and the labours of husbandry have always possessed attractions for a considerable proportion of the community. The difficulty now experienced in procuring new pastoral stations will have the effect of directing a larger share of attention to the subject of agriculture.

But the newly-arrived colonist must not expect to find in Australia Felix the same air of finish and neatness that characterise a British farm. The well-trimmed hedge and the substantial wall are rarely met with, and are usually represented by post-and-rail fences, and by walls of loose stones, both descriptions of enclosure being occasionally in bad repair. Instead of a well-tilled and well-drained field, the eye often rests upon a negligently scratched surface, a self-sown harvest, and an alternation of stumps and stones scattered in dismal variety over the surface of the property. In the longer settled districts to the north, many of the farms and other private grounds have attained a high degree of neatness and improvement; and the energy and taste of some of the Port Phillip colonists have already succeeded in adorning various agricultural localities, and extirpating from their fields the remnants of the original wilderness. But indeed the fault of an opposite result is not entirely chargeable to the colonists. The almost uninterrupted high price and scarcity of labour are a serious obstacle in the way of agricultural as well as all other progress and improvement in the colony.

NATIVE FIELD SPORTS.

The opossum, which usually selects for its domicile the hollow stem of a tree, is driven out and caught by a simple process. Having ascertained, by tapping on the trunk, where the animal is placed, or where the hollow part terminates, the native makes an incision at the proper spot, and smokes him out of his retreat by introducing a burning stick beneath. The wombat, another animal having the dimensions and somewhat of the appearance of a small hog, ensconces himself at the further extremity of a long burrow underneath the ground, and the site of his dwelling is readily indicated by the pile of earth he has ejected in its formation. A small child is sent into the narrow habitation, who squeezes himself forward until he arrives at the object of his search. He then sagaciously taps on the roof, as a signal to those without, who, with their ears to the ground, are closely watching above him. When the place of the animal has thus been ascertained, a hole is soon dug into the burrow, which is usually horizontal, and only a short depth from the surface; and the little adventurer still occupying his place, and opposing his body to a retreat, the victim is quickly secured.

THE ABORIGINES.

Though disliking fixed habits or occupations, they are often extremely docile, and, when thoroughly accustomed to Europeans, are frank, confiding, and fearless in their manner and disposition. These symptoms, sometimes mistaken for a permanent change of disposition, are ever apt to disappear when opportunity offers. They seem to result from the narrowness and simplicity of the mind and ideas. The native falls back into his old practices, apparently without one regret for the civilisation he was once introduced to. His usual habits have been in abeyance under a change of circumstances, but his mind would appear to have remained radically the same.

The only instance I have met with having the appearance of a decided change of disposition among the aborigines, is one mentioned by the Rev. William Hamilton, of Goulburn. It is the case of a black woman who was brought up by the Rev. Mr. Cartwright. She was married by that clergyman to a colonist of the Sydney district, with whom she lived happily for two or three years; but a separation afterwards took place through her jealousy of another female who was a colonist. It is remarkable of this native that she would not associate with other aborigines. She bore an excellent character, and possessed a degree of intelligence and amount of religious knowledge far beyond those of a large proportion of white females. The natives are frequently employed on the pastoral stations, and even on farms in various temporary labour or occupations of a roving out-door character, not altogether dissimilar to their own mode of life. In a few instances they act as shepherds. In South Australia and the Sydney district they have been employed in reaping grain and picking maize, for which they receive a rate of wages, paid sometimes in money, but chiefly in necessities. Mr. Boyd, of Sydney, with unusual success, has succeeded in training the aborigines of Twofold Bay, whom he employs in his whale-fishing establishments there, and as sailors on board his yacht during short excursions from Sydney. The natives of the Twofold Bay district were also on previous occasions employed in the whale-fishery by the Messrs. Imlay, of that place, who gave them wages on the same terms as to their white servants. They lived in huts, cooked their food, and used utensils like others; but after the fishing season was past, they abandoned all and returned to their tribes. It is a common practice to have an aboriginal boy at the pastoral stations for assisting in tracking stray cattle, and in other active occupations. The natives have been of great use to travellers, from their knowledge of the country, their quick perceptions, and the facility with which they find water and the means of sustenance. In their new relations with the colonists, no useful department of civilised life appears to suit their dispositions so well as that of the "native police," a force which has been successfully organised at Port Phillip. They make no

scruple of seizing their fellow-natives, and are active and wonderfully intelligent in tracing out aboriginal offenders; but it is not always easy to repress their summary system of justice, and a chance for chastising a strange or hostile tribe is not to be resisted. In this manner a party of these blacks, who attended a late surveying expedition into the country towards Cape Otway, had attacked and exterminated the remnant of a tribe that was met with on the journey.

There is the utmost difficulty in subjecting the natives to the forms of British law, to them of course quite unintelligible.

The Australian natives have been declared British subjects, and amenable to British law. This is an honour and responsibility which has been conferred upon them without either their knowledge or concurrence, and it does not appear that they have ever been able to comprehend its meaning. They have laws or customs of their own with regard to transactions among themselves; but here also, as well as with reference to offences against the colonists, they are liable to British law. Their ignorance of the English language prevents their ascertaining the nature of their responsibilities, even if they were otherwise so disposed. But while the law embraces them in one respect, it casts them off in another, as they are legally disqualified from giving evidence in a court of justice. On the whole, their case is peculiar, and requires a special legislation. Most of those who are brought to trial cannot be made either to plead to the indictment, or to understand the nature of the proceedings about to be taken against them. In this anomalous state of affairs the law remains in abeyance, and they cannot be punished at all. Koort-kirrup, a well-known native of the Port Phillip district, who had murdered one European and attempted the life of another, was brought to trial at Melbourne in the beginning of 1845, and retained in prison for thirteen months owing to this inapplicable state of legislation, and in the hope that, by the assistance of interpreters, the current statutes might be made to bear in effecting his punishment. But these endeavours proved unavailing, and in March 1846 he was again set at liberty. The trial of the murderers of Mr. Beveridge came on in December of the same year, and it appears not unlikely that this case will be attended with a similar result. "It is no fault of mine," remarked the Judge on this occasion: "the law prescribes that they are to be tried as British subjects. It is my duty to administer the law, such as it may be, so long as the Legislature thinks it proper to interfere."

A Visit to Connaught in the Autumn of 1847. A Letter addressed to the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, Dublin.
By JAMES H. TUKE. London: Gilpin.

MR. TUKE was one of the most active and intelligent of the agents employed by the Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, to distribute the funds in the distressed districts during the famine of last spring. Having mingled much with the people in the course of his benevolent labours, MR. TUKE has published the results of his observations, and the thoughts which they suggested.

With every other Englishman who has occasion to visit Ireland, he remarks how little is really known of her or of her people on this side of the channel.

He warmly expresses his approval of the Poor Law, and he warns the reader that Ireland is not to be considered as a whole, and the evils deemed national which are only topical. In truth, the disturbed and uncivilized districts are but a section of the country; other portions are almost on an equality with England and Scotland in peace, prosperity, and progress. Hence they who talk of the vices and weaknesses of Ireland do a great injustice to it, and therefore the folly of all measures of severity that would deal with the whole people together,

without discriminating the loyal from the rebellious.

Mr. TUKE gives a very elaborate description of the state Connaught, which is a fair sample of the disturbed districts. Upon the whole, the Irish character is presented by him in a more pleasing aspect than could have been expected. Thus, he says,

At the time of my visit to the neighbourhood of Newport, nearly one thousand persons, principally women, were engaged by Sir R. O'Donnell, in harvesting the crops; the women earned 4d. per day, and the men 8d. Even at this miserable rate of wages, I have seldom seen more cheerful or industrious labourers. In some places this work was just ending, and I was much struck with the earnest appeals, which the poor creatures made to us, to obtain work for them during the coming season, supposing, from the inquiries made, that we had some power of assisting them. "If we don't get work we will all die, your honour." "Won't your honour get us work for the winter, or we will all starve?" was the constant and touching appeal; and yet this was from the people whom we daily hear branded as idle and unwilling to work.

He is very indignant at the harshness with which many of the landlords are pursuing the system of

CLEARANCES.

Whilst upon the island of Achill, I saw a memorable instance of this course of proceeding, at the wretched fishing village of Kiel. Here, a few days previous to my visit, a driver of Sir R. O'Donnell's, whose property it is, had ejected some twenty families, making, as I was informed, with a previous recent eviction, about forty. A crowd of these miserable ejected creatures collected around us, bewailing, with bitter lamentations, their hard fate. One old grey-headed man came tottering up to us, bearing in his arms his bed-ridden wife, and putting her down at our feet, pointed in silent agony to her, and then to his roofless dwelling, the charred timbers of which were scattered in all directions around. This man said he owed little more than one year's rent, and had lived in the village, which had been the home of his forefathers, all his life. Another man, with five motherless children, had been expelled, and their "boiling-pot" sold for 3s. 6d. Another family, consisting of a widow and four young children, had their only earthly possession, a "little sheep," seized, and sold for 5s. 6d! But it is needless to multiply cases; instances sufficient have been given to shew the hardships and misery inflicted. From this village alone, at least one hundred and fifty persons had been evicted, owing from half a year's to a year and a half's rent. The whole of their effects, even the miserable furniture of these wretched cabins, seized and sold to satisfy the claims of the nominal owner of Achill. What prospects are there for these miserable outcasts? Death, indeed, must be the portion of some, for their neighbours, hardly richer than themselves, were principally subsisting upon turnip-tops; whilst the poor-house of the union at Westport is nearly forty miles distant. Turnips taken, can we say stolen, from the fields, as they wearily walked thither, would be their only chance of support. Some, indeed, would never reach their destination—death would release them from their sufferings, and the landlord of his burden. This was the case in one instance a few days before my visit. A strong active man was found dead from exhaustion on the road side, within a short distance of a house, which he had vainly endeavoured to reach. Whilst attending the meeting of the board of guardians, at the poor-house at Westport, I had the opportunity of hearing a number of these cases examined and sifted; and from each heard a repetition of the same dismal tales of want and cruel treatment affecting by their peculiar harshness even those who were daily witnesses of similar scenes. Of the 100 persons admitted that day, nearly one-half were the evicted tenantry of Kiel; and during the previous week 75 cases were admitted, from Achill, nearly the whole of them the evicted tenants of the same landlord. It may be proper to state that nearly all

of these poor people were provided by the "driver" who ejected them with a recommendation to the workhouse; but the union of Westport, like almost every other in this part of Ireland, is terribly in debt, in fact bankrupt; and the master of the house strongly remonstrated against further admissions, declaring that he had "neither clothes nor bedding for the women and children," who formed five-sixths of the admissions. How little the landlords of this part of Ireland are cognisant of the circumstances of the population on their vast uncultivated or neglected estates, may be judged of by the fact that, Sir R. O'Donnell, in my presence, denied having any knowledge of the evictions which had taken place in Achill, about 25 miles distant from his residence at Newport, although the poor creatures, in coming to the union-house, must necessarily pass through the town where he resided.

We commend Mr. TUKE's pamphlet to all who feel an interest in the great social problem of our age,—what is to be done with Ireland?

Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. Samarang. By Capt. Sir EDWARD BELCHER, C.B., F.R.A.S., F.G.S. *With a Popular Summary of the Natural History of the Countries Visited.* By ARTHUR ADAMS, Assistant-Surgeon, R.N. Thirty Charts, Plates, and Etchings. 2 vols. 8vo. 36s. London: Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE seas abound with

SEA-SNAKES.

The Sooloo Seas appear to be swarming with sea-snakes, perhaps on account of the calmness of the water, and heat of the atmosphere here, which tend to produce astonishing fecundity in the world of waters. Sea-snakes always appear to prefer calms, swimming on the still surface, in an undulating manner, never raising the head much from the surface, or vaulting out of the water. They dive with facility, on the approach of danger, but do not appear to be particularly timid. Their progression is tolerably rapid. The Malays term them "Ular gerang." The *Pelamis bicolor* is common all over the China and Indian seas. I have seen them in the seas of Mindoro and Sooloo, swimming by thousands on the top of the water. They appear especially to delight in calms, and are fond of eddies and tide-ways, where the ripple collects numerous fish and medusae, which principally constitute their prey. Their lungs resemble the air-bladders of fishes more than the breathing organs of Reptilia, in general being simple, elongated sacs, with blood-vessels ramifying over their parietes, but having no cells. Their tongue is white and forked, differing in respect of its colour from the tongue of other snakes, which is generally black. The two forks are retractile within the roof, and are covered with two horny sheaths, which, during the casting of the slough, can be drawn off like the scales of the eyes. In some genera, as *Hydrophis*, there are true poison fangs, but of small size compared with the *Colubri* and others: others are innocuous, as the *Chersydruis*; while others (*Pelamis*) have two apertures at the base of the two terminal palatine teeth, which may perhaps serve for the exit of venom. Dr. Cantor says, in speaking of marine serpents (Ann. and Mag. of Nat. Hist. vol. iii. p. 138), that "all the species are, without exception, highly venomous." Schlegel also includes the sea-snakes in his second family of *Venomous Serpents* (p. 184 of his *Physiognomy of Serpents*). Captain Cook, in one of his voyages, "saw abundance of water-snakes, one of which was coming up the side of the ship, and our men beat it off. The Spaniards say there is no cure for such as are bit by them; and one of our blacks happened to fall under that misfortune, and died, notwithstanding the utmost care was taken by our surgeons to recover him." In the Sooloo Seas, I have often witnessed the phenomenon which first gave origin to the marvellous stories of the great sea-serpent, namely, lines of rolling porpoises, resembling a long string of buoys, oftentimes extending seventy, eighty, or a hundred

yards. These constitute the so-named protuberances of the monster's back, keep in close single file, progressing rapidly along the calm surface of the water, by a succession of leaps, or demy-vaults forwards, part only of their uncouth forms appearing to the eye. At the same moment of time, I have seen beautifully-banded water-snakes, of the thickness of a man's leg, lying extended supinely along the glassy surface, or diving and swimming gracefully, with slow undulating, lateral movements of their vertically-compressed bodies.

Let us return now to the narrative, and, first, for a picture of

MACAO.

Both Hong-Kong and Singapore offer great variety of costume to the notice of the traveller, but no place in the course of our wanderings amused me so much as the strange and populous city of Macao; particularly on account of the endless succession of oriental figures that are there continually passing before the eye. For example, the intelligent Parsee with high-crowned cap and snowy robes, contrasts with the sable garments and odd-shaped hat of the demure and sanctified Catholic Priest; the swarthy son of Portugal, with haughty step and dark flashing eye, with the Brahmin, mild, observant, and serene; the wealthy British merchant with the influential Mandarin; the respectable moneyed Armenian, in his picturesque and splendid dress, with the French officer and English sailor; while Portuguese damsels, gliding along to mass, with lustrous, expressive eyes and drapery thrown gracefully over the head and shoulders, complete the attractive picture. In every quarter of the city swarms of narrow-eyed Chinese, acute, cunning, and industrious, eager to barter, greedy for gain, are importunate, impudent, but always good-natured. Some of these worthies may be seen sitting in groups, in the middle of the squares, quietly pursuing their various occupations. Here may be seen the grave empiric, busily engaged in gently beating or tapping the head or breast of a patient, afflicted perhaps with some grievous malady; and there you will notice the operations of the barber, who removes the whiskers and shaves the head, the ears, the nostrils, and even the eyelids.

THE TY-PIN-SAN ISLANDS.

In describing the principal features which seem to mark the character of the people of this hitherto unknown, or rather unvisited group, termed Meia-co-shimshah by the authorities, it will be immediately apparent how very near they approximate, in general, to the inhabitants of Loo-Choo, so well detailed by Mac Leod and Basil Hall in the Voyages of H.M.SS. *Alceste* and *Lyra*. Like those mild and inoffensive islanders, their physical appearance much resembles that of the Koreans and Japanese; their dress also consists of a similar loose robe, of varied pattern, having large wide sleeves, and which is secured about the waist by a long sash. Like them, also, they strain back their long black hair, which is secured in an elegant top-knot, through which they pass their ornamental hair-pins, or kamesashee and oosisashee; the former bearing an ornamental head evidently copied from a small hexapetaloid flower, a species of *Xyris*, noticed on their island; the latter is a slender instrument with spatulate extremity, serving various purposes, from ear-pick and nail-cleaner, to even that of chop-stick. These ornaments are of gold or silver, according to the rank of the wearer. With the females only the latter is worn, and instead of the narrow spatulate form it resembles a long mustard spoon, with a slightly curved point. On state occasions the grandees wear red, yellow, or blue caps of office; and in pursuance of the customs of the Chinese, their women are strictly secluded. It would be an easy task to designate this people as a set of tea-drinking old women, imbecile and apathetic; void of energy and enterprise, living in contentment on a group of islands, of the value and facilities of which they are almost entirely ignorant, and of whose position and resources they are unable to take advantage. But on contrasting them with the insidious, fawning, and deceitful Chinese, or the savage and vindictive, blood-thirsty Malays, I cannot but fancy their character amiable, and their condition one to be envied. Their food is extremely

simple, consisting chiefly of the batata, rice, and other vegetables, varied with the produce of the deep, including molluscous animals, such as the cuttle-fish (*Sepia*), the large clam (*Tridacna gigas*), and others. In their adaptation of the shells, which abound in this region, for various household and other uses, they display considerable ingenuity: two instances in particular excited my attention, and are worthy of notice. The first was in the use of a valve of the large clam-shell just spoken of, for the purpose of swinging the gates to their inclosures; they place it under the heel of the main post, in the middle of which it revolves upon its point with ease, and its upper end being confined to the standard by a neat ring or grommet of rattan, serves for the hinge; it works very smoothly. The second instance was the construction of a teakettle out of the well-known trumpet-shell (*Triton variegatus*), the operculum forming the lid, the canal the spout, and a wooden hook, let in upon the principle of the *lewis* for lifting stones, forms the handle. This rude vessel was adopted several times for our convenience, and it answered its purpose admirably. They appear to indulge constantly in smoking tobacco, and seem as passionately fond of tea as their continental friends the Chinese; that which they had in use was, however, of a wretched quality, and afforded us the opportunity of gratifying them with some of a superior kind. Sweet wine was also found to be acceptable; I believe it was given to their wives, for we never observed that they drank it, though I urged it upon them as a medicine.

Here is a description of the people of the eastern coast of Borneo:—

I had an excellent opportunity of looking narrowly into the character of this Sagai tribe. They are a much finer and larger built race than the *Dyaks* of Sarawak, or the *Kadajans* or *Dusuns* of northern Borneo; their skin is fairer and softer, with eyes occasionally blue; the hair is lighter, and in one particular individual whom I noticed at Gunung Taboor, a fine athletic and jovial character, the blue eye, sandy hair, and freckled complexion, reminded me much of our Scottish Highlanders. They are very fond of ornaments, and in most cases seem to regard them as shielding some part of the frame from injury in battle. They are therefore useful as well as ornamental. Of these, the ear-rings occupy a prominent feature; they are large rings of white metal, apparently lead or tin, generally four through the lobe in each ear, being about an inch and a half in diameter, and about 3-16ths in thickness. The upper part of the ear is also perforated, and a tiger's tooth passed through it, hangs down to cover the rings. They explained that by turning two rings up above the ear and toggling, or keying it with a tiger's tooth, it would resist the blow of a *parang*, and save loss of life. The head-dress is usually composed of monkey-skin, capped by a brazen ridge with about three inches side projections, forming altogether a picturesque helmet, surmounted by feathers of the Argus pheasant, Toucan, or other birds. The fighting dress is composed of a quilted scarlet jacket occasionally trimmed with yellow tape. The loins are protected with a thickly matted tail-piece which corresponds to the skirts of a fashionable coat, and serves to protect that region from the arrows of the sumpitan; add to this the shield, sumpitan, and parang, and you have, with the athletic form within, the Sagai or Idaan of this region, estimated to amount in number, on the banks of the Bulungan, to sixty thousand men. The *parang* of eastern Borneo differs very materially from the *kris*; it is very slender at the handle, which is formed of deer bone, and very neatly carved; the blade runs broad and thick at its point, to which, in giving a blow, it carries its whole weight. It is slightly hollowed on one side, and bevelled like a chisel on the opposite, by which it becomes useful in felling trees or obstacles in the way of advance: it seldom exceeds two feet in length. The scabbard, which is of red wood, is very tastefully carved, and has a small knife attached to it, similar to the Scottish knife and fork. With the chief of this tribe, an intelligent, although compact little fellow, very similar to our friend *Meta*,

of the Serambo Dyaks, I established a friendship which lasted during the whole period of our stay; he frequented my house daily, apparently from no other motive than that arising out of a certain degree of attachment, as he did not appear either to desire or covet any thing we possessed, whilst his anxiety to procure wild hogs for our men, as well as fowls for our mess, always afforded sufficient proof of his disinterestedness. On one occasion, having to complain to him of a theft committed by some of his people, he exhibited great firmness on the subject, gave his orders, and those orders were effectual. I observed that our having witnessed any crime committed by his people pained him much; it depressed his spirits for the day; he went home earlier that evening, and his return the day following was, on the other hand, as much delayed. It is by these traits that we can properly estimate the character of these people; they reminded me more of the original characters of Tahiti, on Cook's visit, where each man selected his Taio, or friend, and devoted himself to him.

This is

THE POISONED DART OF BORNEO.

The sumpitan is a tube formed of hard wood, generally *Casuarina equisetifolia*, the bore being of one quarter of an inch, and so truly executed that it is quite a matter of surprise how it is effected, nor have I been able to learn. The length varies from seven to eight feet, and one of its peculiarities in manufacture is, that it will only remain truly straight in one position. When this is determined, an iron sight is fixed on the upper, and a spear on the lower side. The arrows are generally nine inches in length, formed of the leaflet ribs of the Nibon palm; sometimes of the outer wood of the tree itself. The sharp end is anointed with a deadly gummy poison, in which the sap of the upas is the principal ingredient. It dries hard and brittle, forming a kind of sheath, which remains fixed in the object which it pierces, whilst the arrow falls away. The inner end of the arrow is inserted through a small cone, formed of the pith of the Nibon, which is compressible, like cork; as the pith closes the aperture of the tube, and does not offer the resistance which a harder body would, it confines the air sufficiently to prevent any escape, until the arrow has run the length of the tube, and a sufficient impetus is thus acquired to project it with effect to the distance of 150 yards. The force is such as to enter a fir-plank to the extent of an inch. The effect of the poisoned arrow, as described by the Malays, is to cause an instant numbness of the limb, depriving the victim of further power until death ensues. From the very great fear they entertain, even of the tube pointed at them, there may be some foundation for this assertion; but it is highly probable that in this, as in many other instances, the fatal result is in great measure hastened by fear.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell. By WILLIAM FAGAN, Esq. M.P. Vol. I. Cork, 1847. O'Brien.

THE author boasts that, of its kind, this is "probably the most rapidly written work that ever issued from the press." The explanation was not unnecessary, for it has all the faults and imperfections of a book hastily concocted. It appears to have been published originally in an Irish newspaper, and made into a volume by a re-arrangement of the type. Mr. FAGAN is a devoted worshipper of his hero, and loads him with indiscriminate praise. But he is a laborious biographer, unwearied in his endeavours to obtain the amplest materials; he wants only discrimination in the selection of them. It should be observed in justice to Mr. FAGAN that he seldom falls into the Irishman's fault of turgidity of language; he does not indulge in tropes, figures, and flowers of speech. His style is copious, but correct. As for the biography, it is written for the moment and for a party, and not for mankind. The time has not come for a full and impartial history of the great agitator; it could not be satis-

factorily done by his friends or his enemies, and it would be difficult to find a philosopher so calm, so free from the prejudices of a contemporary, as to mete out impartial justice to a man who was undoubtedly one of the greatest of his age, but whose greatness was more than commonly mingled with weaknesses. O'CONNELL was the embodiment of the Irish character, and assuredly this is not the time when ought appertaining to that unhappy land, or the inexplicable character of its people, could receive impartial examination.

For present purposes, and as a temporary collection of facts and documents, this biography by Mr. FAGAN will doubtless find an extensive circulation among the admirers of the Liberator.

FICTION.

Village Tales from Alsatia. By ALEXANDER WEILL. Translated from the German by Sir ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON, Bart. London, 1848. Cundall.

WE begin by a quotation from the preface of the translator of these tales, as affording our readers the best idea of their general character.

A well-known German author, to whom we are indebted for most of the following preface, relates a conversation upon the subject of German novels, which he had some thirty years ago with the distinguished critic and philosopher Schleiermacher, who maintained that, in spite of the excellence his countrymen had attained in that branch of art, it had not yet reached its full development. According to his theory, the whole life and manners of the people ought to be reflected in the novel as it were in a glass; and Schleiermacher predicted that actual peasant life would form the subject of speculation in the novels of the present time. Nothing could form a better introduction to Weill's *Alsation Sketches* than these remarks of Schleiermacher, for the stories now offered to the public in many respects meet the demands of this great critic. These tales, we believe, first appeared as a *feuilleton* in a Strasbourg newspaper, and were subsequently collected into a volume. In point of date they preceded Auerbach's *Village Tales from the Black Forest*, from which they stand out in remarkable relief. They present the reverse of the medal—the harsh realities of peasant life, with all its struggles, vices, and virtues, as contrasted with Auerbach's more poetical veins. The author belongs to the soil, and is of the men whom he describes; he therefore feels a deep interest in their life and condition; and in many respects *Alsatia* affords a peculiarly favourable field for such speculations.

The picture of village life here presented to us is evidently from the hand of a master, and impresses us at once with a painful sense of its truth to nature—a painful sense, we say, because we have seldom seen human life more darkly portrayed. Alas for the poet's golden dreams of the happy innocence of country swains and village maidens! How different, indeed, from the harsh reality! If the country people of *Alsatia* are, indeed, as they are here represented, it is only an additional proof that ignorance is not innocence, and that cultivation, though it may in some degree tend to lessen originality of character, yet *morally* as well as intellectually it improves and exalts it. Many, nay, most of our impulses and passions are not in themselves either good or bad—their character depends upon the principles by which they are governed. These children of nature appear to be driven to and fro by their own passions and feelings, and without the rudder of one abiding principle to steer them on the trackless sea of life. The author occasionally institutes a comparison between the inhabitants of the country and those of the town, evidently intended to be to the advantage of the former—a result which is by no means borne out by the practical teaching of the work.

The volume contains three tales, well told, in the simple and natural language appropriate to the theme, and rendered into English by one who has known well how to preserve the spirit of the original. The picture of the manners they display is novel, instructive, and highly interesting. We recommend them to those among our readers who are sighing after the peaceful simplicity of rural life, as an antidote to their longings. We are inclined, however, to think that the view they give is too gloomy. So different in different individuals is the complexion of the human mind, that the same scene reflected from the mental mirrors of two persons will assume hues totally dissimilar, yet in each, in a certain sense, faithful. But he who would form a just opinion must look upon both, as thus only can he arrive at truth.

The interest of the tales lies rather in the exhibition of manners and character than in the skilful construction of plot. Leaving it to our readers to study those in the work itself, to give an idea of the state of society it describes, we present them with the following graphic description of the semi-barbarous scenes at

AN ALSATIAN WEDDING.

For days beforehand all the shops in which ribbons and artificial flowers were sold were regularly besieged; for the lads wanted to ride to meet the bridegroom. The custom is to assemble at the house of the groomsmen, where all who can find horses, mount and ride to fetch the bridegroom from the neighbouring village. The cavalcade is headed by a strawman and a leafman, that is to say, one of them after mounting is enveloped in a sheaf of straw, and another in a bundle of leaves, so completely, that it seems as though a living wheat-sheaf or a moveable bush were journeying along; for even their heads are completely covered with the straw or the leaves, taking care only that the air should not be excluded. These are followed by the groomsmen, gaily decked with ribbons and artificial flowers. Then come the gallant horsemen adorned with scarfs, and lastly a waggon in which is a band of music, and all the unmounted guests. When they meet the bridegroom and his train, who are going to fetch the bride to church, the music strikes up, pistols are fired off, and repeated huzzahs are heard on all sides. The two disguised jesters, who are usually the best horsemen, caracole round the bridegroom, separate him from his companions, and lead him up to the groomsmen, who presents him with a nosegay, and repeats a long and tedious address of French and German mixed together. The bridegroom returns thanks for the honour, and invites his brethren to accompany him to his bride. The cavalcade turns back, the music strikes up afresh, but all in broken notes, for the jolting and rattling of the carts greatly increase the difficulty of the performance to the musicians. But the bridegroom has more to go through yet ere he can reach the bride. At the entrance of the village, a chain is stretched right across the street. The man of straw endeavours, it is true, to break through it with his horse, but in vain. That is known beforehand. "Qui vive?" he then cries: "Answer or —." Instantly a few young lads who had staid behind for the purpose, appear, accompanied by girls dressed in white, the youngest of whom presents a nosegay to the bridegroom. "Are you for peace?" asks the man of straw. "Yes," they reply; "but we want to drink the bridegroom's health, we want to look at him, that is why we put the chain." Meanwhile a parley is carried on in a low voice, the end of which is, that the bridegroom agrees to pay them forty or fifty francs to expend in drink. "Laissez passer," is now the cry, and a sturdy lad rushes frantically out of the house brandishing a heavy club, with which he breaks the chain in two. "Good luck, and a blessing be with you!" they all cry; "we have knocked the devil on the head: fare you well!" The procession moves onwards, and the crowd which accompanies it increases every minute. But they have not yet

reached the bride. Upon the bridge stands a cart, which blocks up the way. A peasant steps forward and says: "In that cart sit a couple of old toppers, they wish the bridegroom good luck, and want to drink to his health." And the bridegroom must pull his purse-strings once more, but all this he knows beforehand. The cart is now shoved out of the way, and at length they reach the bride's house. Here all the guests are already assembled, and ready to go to church. After a short pause, during which wine is handed to the horsemen, the whole procession starts for the church. First of all appear a troop of genii, with their legs up in the air, playing upon instruments of their own invention; no wedding is without these. Then the fiddler and his companion, the shoemaker Trip, who blows the clarinet. At the wedding which we are describing, the fiddler appeared in great state; he wore a three-cornered hat, with the brim flapping, a dress coat with white facings and a blue collar, knee-breeches, and hessian boots. He played the March of the Bastille or Marseillaise—nothing but revolutionary tunes. For our fiddler has no Sunday suit but his old imperial uniform, and can play no other marches. His comrade plays second with prodigious vigour, for he has the widest throat in the village, and plays the clarinet as an amateur; that is to say, he gets his eating and drinking free by means of it. Then follow the maiden guests, all wearing wreaths of flowers; then the bride and her bridesmaid. The bride wears a wreath of flowers, interspersed with rosemary, which is the symbol of love, from being green the whole year round, and very apt to cause a headache. She is followed by the bridegroom, led by the groomsmen. On either side ride the horsemen, who are already very unsteady in their saddles, and who accompany the fiddler with the reports of their pistols. Then come the married men, in long coats with large steel buttons, red waistcoats, knee-breeches and shoes with buckles; their countenances and demeanour are as solemn as though they were following some one to the grave. Last of all come the old women, with their rosaries in their hands, for these cannot be dispensed with, even at a wedding. The horsemen went outside the church door, and, while the ceremony is going on within the church, the man of straw delivers the following harangue:—"The bride has just said Yes. She pretends it is for the first time; but folks say that she cried because she has had to wait so long. What say you—shall we carry off the bridegroom to the Lion tavern? There our parson is the host, our bride is the bottle, which is always willing and says Yes, and the newly married man shall lead the dance." These words are a prelude to deeds. No sooner does the bridegroom appear at the church door, than the two young men, who have now laid aside their straw and leaves, seize him, and carry him into the tavern. Should he resist, he gets a ducking in the river. The confusion becomes greater every moment. "Gentlemen and ladies," says a man standing in a cart, "here may be had water for fleas and bugs, a water against getting drunk, remedies for all diseases. Break each other's legs, pull off one another's heads, and then come to me and I will cure you in a minute." "What is it you do," asked an old woman one day in my presence, "with the water for fleas?" "Why," replied the mountebank, "you catch them and throw them into it." "And that against getting drunk?" asked another. "You drink a few gallons of it before you go to the tavern." "Du cirage," cries a dapper little Frenchman; "Du cirage amphibie hidraulique aux deux cent vingt un, du cirage à vapeur! Six sous la boîte. Ça brille, ça luit, ça blouit, que c'est un plaisir de voir. Savez vous, Monsieur, que les sabots de sa—je veux dire les chevaux de sa majesté ont été cirés de non cirage que voilà lors du sacre sacré. Eh bien, à la voie, on ne le croirait pas! Du savon cosmétique pour les lentilles. Freckles' blacking, blacking for freckles!" The little Frenchman shouts and chatters himself hoarse, pushes up to everybody, and is very civil. But in the evening people are apt to miss some of their things. However, nobody minds, with a fair and a wedding to boot, to make up for all. At length, when everybody has danced enough,

when some have got quite drunk, and others have fought till they are half or wholly dead, after the girls have changed their tumbled and dusty clothes, the dance of death and the resurrection begins. It is executed as follows:—

A tree is planted at one side of a dancing-floor in the open air; upon it is fixed a burning candle in a lantern, the size of which is determined by the will of the groomsmen or by the state of the weather. In the centre of the dancing-floor stands a table with a few chairs upon it, for the musicians. All the young men and girls who have taken part in the festivity assemble round the tree, where the newly married pair also stand. The music strikes up at a signal from the groomsmen, who dances with the bride. They are followed by the bridegroom with the bridesmaid, and then by all the other couples in succession. The waltz-tune proper to this occasion is plaintive, languishing, and quaint. At every third turn the dancers change partners; that is, the man stops, leaves his partner, and offers his arm to the next following girl; while his partner passes on to the young man immediately preceding her. Only the bridegroom must on no account dance with his bride; when her turn comes, he makes her a bow and passes on to the next. Nor may any one dance faster or slower than the rest; because usually various objects, such as watches, kerchiefs, and the like, are prizes of the couples first in due succession. This dance continues under the control of a strong-fisted master of the ceremony until the taper is burnt out. The purpose of this dance is, that the married couple should now for the last time dance with others. The moment the taper goes out, the leader cries "Dead!" the music ceases, and the partners bow and curtsy to each other. A gallopade strikes up, and the bridegroom kisses his partner three times, as often as they pass the tree. The bride is treated in like manner by her partner. After a certain time, the tune suddenly changes, the bridegroom embraces his partner, and the bride is embraced by hers, and both couples bid each other an eternal farewell; and this is to be the last kiss that man or wife are ever to receive from strange lips. The kissed pair, that is to say, the lucky youth who was dancing with the bride, and the girl who was waltzing with the bridegroom when the taper went out, are attended to their homes by the company and the music; and it frequently happens that they really become a pair by marriage in due time.

EDUCATION.

The French Reading Instructor. In Four Parts. By GABRIEL SURENNE, T.P.S.E. 4th edition. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

EXCELLENT reading for learners. It is divided into four parts: the first containing fables, anecdotes, extracts from the Bible, historical examples of virtues, explained by a key which much diminishes the difficulties experienced by those entering upon the study of French; the second, containing a course of French prose literature; the third, taking the pupil through a course of French poetry; and the fourth, comprising three useful keys, the first of which gives a translation of the idiomatical phrases, the second the historical and geographical and proper names, and the third copious directions and examples to enable the student to master the regular and irregular sounds that occur in the French language.

That this book has been found practically to effect its purpose is proved by its having attained a fourth edition.

Latin made Easy: an Introduction to the Reading of Latin, comprising a Grammar, Exercise Book, and Vocabulary. By the Rev. J. R. BEARD, D.D. 2nd edition. London: Simpkin and Co.

This should be *Latin made Easier*, for as to making it easy, it is an impossibility. But Dr. BEARD has succeeded in removing many of the difficulties which other grammars and introductions have rather accumulated about, than taken from, the first steps of the learner. His plan is admirable.

He first gives, for instance, the present tense singular number of the verb "to be" as the subject of the exercise; he then describes the meaning and use of the particles—as "non" means *not*; *ne* asks a question as "*sum ne?*" "*am I?*"—then he presents a short vocabulary of the words and their meanings; then follows an exercise on those words, each little sentence introducing the verb which is the theme, and exhibiting it in almost all its forms; and a translation follows the exercise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Night Side of Nature; or, Ghosts and Ghost Seers. By CATHERINE CROWE, Authoress of "*Susan Hopley*," &c. In 2 vols. London, 1848. Newby.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

To those who believe not in the existence of an immaterial and immortal part of us; who deem that "we die, and there an end;" who admit no existences which we cannot recognise by the senses, the speculations suggested by the facts collected in these volumes will necessarily seem frivolous and foolish. But if there *be* such a thing as *soul*; if *thought* be not the product of a material substance; if *life* be more than *organism*; if there be a *being* which the *eye* cannot recognise; if there be a Divinity animating and ruling the Universe, there is no *prima facie* improbability that sometimes, in certain circumstances, we may obtain glimpses into that spirit world. In the minds of those who believe in the existence of the soul, the question whether there be communication between the material and the immaterial worlds is simply one of fact; there is no presumption against it; on the contrary, the presumption is in its favour.

Asserted facts cannot, therefore, be met by any of the favourite arguments of improbability, absurdity, superstition, and such like. In themselves they are neither. They must be tried by the same rules as all other testimony, namely, the veracity of the witness, with a close examination of all the circumstances under which he obtained his intelligence, so as to be assured that he was in a position to form a sound judgment, and by the coherence of the facts themselves.

But there is one argument triumphantly wielded against the probabilities of communication between the material and the immaterial world, which is certainly startling until examined, and has always weighed much in the minds of all who have given attention to the subject. It is put in the form of an interrogatory. "What object can there be in it? Why is it given to A. to be informed of a distant event, and not to B. and C. who are equally or more interested in it than A.? Why have we not all such communications at all times, and why of trifling occurrences, and not of those of greatest importance? Why should there be a miracle to inform A. of something that relates to B. with whom A. has no concern, instead of directly communicating it to B. the party most interested?"

We admit that these arguments are sufficient to settle the question in the minds of those who look at them superficially. We own that for a long time they were accepted by ourselves as decisive of the question. But further reflection has shewn their fallacy. They proceed on the assumption that such communications are *miraculous*, that is to say, special interpositions of Providence, and contrary to the ordinary laws of nature. But, in truth, if they really exist, they are not miraculous, but natural phenomena. They are similar in their kind to the phenomena of natural somnambulism, or any other abnormal condition of the mental

faculties. Nobody pretends that the wonders performed by the sleepwalker are miraculous, or special interpositions of Providence. They are admitted to be the effects of certain relative conditions of mind and body, the physiology of which science has not yet been enabled to trace; in which, while the senses slumber, the mind wakes and perceives, and acts without the help of the ordinary media of the senses. We know nothing of the actual state of the soul during ordinary slumber, to justify us in the positive assertion that it continues to hold the same relationship towards the body as in our waking moments. We know that in certain states of disease, that relationship is materially modified. May not all of us, in particular states of health, possess, more or less, the faculties that are so singularly developed in the natural sleepwalker? And would not that readily account for the seeming capriciousness of the phenomena, and at once furnish the answer to the questions above suggested? There is no miracle in the matter; there is nothing in the nature of a revelation; there is nought of object or purpose in the phenomenon, which may be thus described.

In certain states of health, when the equilibrium is destroyed between those physical and mental forces which in our ordinary state so connect the mind with the body that it perceives only through the senses, a state of partial somnambulism occurs, and the mind has perceptions far more exalted than those in its normal state, when it communicates only through the bodily organs. Of the causes or conditions of this state we are wholly ignorant; we know only that it exists; nor have we succeeded in tracing the limits of the perceptions so received; we know only that darkness does not impede them, and we have good reason for believing that distance does not affect them.

If this be a fact in physiology, it follows that A. has received intelligence of a distant event which was denied to B. not as a special revelation to A. but simply because A. chanced to be in the condition of health in which the mind has perceptions beyond the range of the bodily senses; he knows not how or why he obtained them, because when restored to its normal condition the mind is again subjected to the laws of matter. This impression remains and exists as an idea, but how it came there he cannot tell.

The same reason would account for these intelligences occurring so rarely, and with such apparent capriciousness and with no probable reason for their existence at one time and not at another; with one person and not with others, and in relation to events of small importance instead of in respect of greater ones.

We have thus stated at length what we may term the physiological view of the question, to shew that all the phenomena asserted may be strictly true, and yet have nothing of the character of miracle or design about them, and that they may be accepted as truth, or at least be entitled to serious attention without anything in the nature of credulity or superstition, as any other rare natural phenomena.

Let us now take a few more glances at Mrs. Crowe's volumes.

We do not adduce the following as instances of our argument, but certainly they may be explained upon the hypothesis we have stated.

WRAITHS.

Mr. H. an eminent artist, was walking arm in arm with a friend, in Edinburgh, when he suddenly left him, saying, "Oh, there's my brother!" He had seen him with the most entire distinctness, but was confounded by losing sight of him, without being able to ascertain whither he had vanished.

News came, ere long, that at that precise period his brother had died. Mrs. T. sitting in her drawing-room, saw her nephew, then at Cambridge, pass across the adjoining room. She started up to meet him, and, not finding him, summoned the servants to ask where he was. They, however, had not seen him, and declared he could not be there; whilst she as positively declared he was. The young man had died at Cambridge quite unexpectedly. A Scotch minister went to visit a friend, who was dangerously ill. After sitting with the invalid for some time, he left him to take some rest, and went below. He had been reading in the library some little time, when, on looking up, he saw the sick man standing at the door. "God bless me!" he cried, starting up, "how can you be so imprudent?" The figure disappeared; and hastening up stairs, he found his friend had expired.

And again:

Mrs. Mac... of Sky, went from Lynedale, where she resided, to pay a visit in Perthshire. During her absence, there was a ball given at L.; and when it was over, three young ladies, two of them her daughters, assembled in their bedroom to talk over the evening's amusement. Suddenly, one of them cried, "O God! my mother." They all saw her pass across the room towards a chest of drawers, where she vanished. They immediately told their friends what they had seen; and afterwards learnt that the lady died that night. Lord M. being from home, saw Lady M. whom he had left two days before perfectly well, standing at the foot of his bed; aware of the nature of the appearance, but wishing to satisfy himself that it was not a mere spectral illusion, he called his servant, who slept in the dressing-room, and said to him, "John, who's that?" "It's my lady!" replied the man. Lady M. had been seized with inflammation, and died after a few hours' illness. This circumstance awakened so much interest at the time, that I am informed by a member of the family, George the Third was not satisfied without hearing the particulars both from Lord M. and the servant also. But, besides time and locality, there are very frequently other circumstances accompanying the appearance, which not only shew the form to be spectral, but also make known to the seer the nature of the death that has taken place. A lady, with whose family I am acquainted, had a son abroad. One night she was lying in bed, with a door open which led into an adjoining room where there was a fire. She had not been to sleep, when she saw her son cross this adjoining room and approach the fire, over which he leant, as if very cold. She saw that he was shivering and dripping wet. She immediately exclaimed, "That's my G.!" The figure turned its face round, looked at her sadly, and disappeared. That same night the young man was drowned.

In 1807, when several people were killed in consequence of a false alarm of fire, at Sadler's Wells, a woman named Price, in giving her evidence at the inquest, said, that her little girl had gone into the kitchen about half-past ten o'clock, and was surprised to see her brother there, whom she supposed to be at the theatre. She spoke to him; whereupon, he disappeared. The child immediately told her mother, who, alarmed, set off to the theatre and found the boy dead. I will conclude this chapter with the following extract from *Lockhart's Life of Scott*:—"Walter Scott to Daniel Terry, April 30, 1818. (The new house at Abbotsford being then in progress, Scott living in an older part, close adjoining.) * * * The exposed state of my house has led to a mysterious disturbance. The night before last we were awakened by a violent noise, like drawing heavy boards along the new part of the house. I fancied something had fallen, and thought no more about it. This was about two in the morning. Last night, at the same witching hour, the very same noise occurred. Mrs. S. as you know, is rather timorous; so up I got, with Beardie's broad sword under my arm—

'Bolt upright,
And ready to fight.'

But nothing was out of order, neither can I discover what occasioned the disturbance." Mr. Lockhart adds, "On the morning that Mr. Terry received the

foregoing letter, in London, Mr. William Erskine was breakfasting with him, and the chief subject of their conversation was the sudden death of George Bullock, which had occurred on the same night, and, as nearly as they could ascertain, at the very hour when Scott was roused from his sleep by the 'mysterious disturbance' here described. This coincidence, when Scott received Erskine's minute detail of what had happened in Tenderdon-street (that is the death of Bullock, who had the charge of furnishing the new rooms at Abbotsford), made a much stronger impression on his mind than might be gathered from the tone of an ensuing communication."

ADVENTURE OF AN AUTHORESS.

A very singular thing happened to the accomplished authoress of *Letters from the Baltic*, on which my readers may put what interpretation they please, but I give it here as a pendant to the last story. The night before she left Petersburg, she passed in the house of a friend. The room appropriated to her use was a large dining-room, in which a temporary bed was placed, and a folding screen was so arranged as to give an air of comfort to the nook where the bed stood. She went to bed, and to sleep, and no one who knows her can suspect her of seeing spectral illusions, or being incapable of distinguishing her own condition when she saw anything whatever. As she was to commence her journey on the following day, she had given orders to be called at an early hour, and, accordingly, she found herself awakened towards morning by an old woman in a complete Russian costume, who looked at her, nodding and smiling, and intimating, as she supposed, that it was time to rise. Feeling, however, very sleepy, and very unwilling to do so, she took her watch from behind her pillow, and, looking at it, perceived that it was only four o'clock. As, from the costume of the old woman, she knew her to be a Russian, and therefore not likely to understand any language she could speak, she shook her head, and pointed to the watch, giving her to understand that it was too early. The woman looked at her, and nodded, and then retreated, whilst the traveller laid down again and soon fell asleep. By and by, she was awakened by a knock at the door, and the voice of the maid whom she had desired to call her. She bade her come in, but the door being locked on the inside, she had to get out of bed to admit her. It now occurred to her to wonder how the old woman had entered, but, taking it for granted there was some other mode of ingress, she did not trouble herself about it, but dressed, and descended to breakfast. Of course the inquiry usually addressed to a stranger was made—they hoped she had slept well? "Perfectly," she said, "only that one of their good people had been somewhat over anxious to get her up in the morning;" and she then mentioned the old woman's visit, but to her surprise they declared they had no such person in the family. "It must have been some old nurse, or laundress, or somebody of that sort," she suggested. "Impossible!" they answered; "You must have dreamt the whole thing; we have no old woman in the house; nobody wearing that costume; and nobody could have got in, since the door must have been fastened long after that!" And these assertions the servants fully confirmed; added to which, I should observe, the house, like foreign houses in general, consisted of a flat, or floor, shut in by a door, which separated it entirely from the rest of the building, and, being high up from the street, nobody could even have gained access by a window. The lady now beginning to be somewhat puzzled, inquired if there were any second entrance into the room; but, to her surprise, she heard there was not, and she then mentioned that she had locked the door on going to bed, and had found it locked in the morning. The thing has ever remained utterly inexplicable, and the family, who were much more amazed by it than she was, would willingly believe it to have been a dream, but, whatever the interpretation of it may be, she feels quite certain that that is not the true one.

DR. HAWKER.

There was a similar occurrence in Devonshire,

some years back, which happened to the well-known Dr. Hawker, who, one night, in the street, observed an old woman pass him, to whom he was in the habit of giving a weekly charity. Immediately after she had passed, he felt somebody pull his coat, and, on looking round, saw it was she, whereupon he put his hand in his pocket to seek for a sixpence, but, on turning to give it to her, she was gone. He thought nothing about it, but when he got home, he inquired if she had had her money that week, when, to his amazement, he heard she was dead, but his family had forgotten to mention the circumstance.

In a brief appendix to the first volume Mrs. CROWE gives some further particulars of

THE CASE OF COLONEL TOWNSEND.

Whilst this volume is going through the press, I find, from the account of Dr. Cheyne, who attended him, that Colonel Townsend's own way of describing the phenomenon to which he was subject, was, that he could "die or expire when he pleased; and yet, by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again." He performed the experiment in the presence of three medical men, one of whom kept his hand on his heart, another held his wrist, and the third placed a looking-glass before his lips, and they found that all traces of respiration and pulsation gradually ceased, inasmuch that, after consulting about his condition for some time, they were leaving the room, persuaded that he was really dead, when signs of life appeared, and he slowly revived. He did not die whilst repeating this experiment. This reviving "by an effort or somehow," seems to be better explained by the hypothesis I have suggested than by any other; namely, that, as in the case of Mr. Holloway, mentioned in the same chapter, his spirit, or soul, was released from his body, but a sufficient rapport maintained to re-unite them.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

CHRONOLOGY OF EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

THE *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Leipzig, publishes in its number of New Year's-day the following interesting statistical and chronological details respecting the sovereign houses of Europe:—

The number of the sovereigns or reigning princes of Europe has been lessened by two owing to the death of the Duke of Anhalt-Köthen, in which his line has become extinct, and the abdication of the Duke of Luca and the renunciation of his son, who have transferred that duchy to Tuscany—an event which would have been brought about, independently of this circumstance, by the death of the Duchess of Parma; so that on the 1st of January, 1848, there were only 49 sovereigns in Europe, or 50, if we include the Emperor of Brazil.

Amongst these sovereigns there are only two who are above 70 years of age, viz. the venerable King of Hanover, the Nestor of the princes of Europe, who is 76 and a half years of age, and the King of the French, who is 74 years and four months old.

Amongst the others, 11 are between 60 and 70 years of age, 16 between 50 and 60, nine between 40 and 50, three between 30 and 40, and seven between 20 and 30; finally, there are two still under 20 years of age—the Queen of Spain, who is nearly 17 years and three months old, and the Prince of Waldeck, who is not quite 17.

The sovereign who, of all the rest, has reigned the longest period, is the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, who is in the 61st year of his reign, including the years of his minority. Of the others, three have reigned upwards of 40 years, including the period of their minority; these are, the Princes of Lippe-Detmold and Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, and the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. Two have reigned between 30 and 40 years, six between 20 and 30, 22 between 10 and 20, and 15 (including the elector of Hesse and the Duke of Parma, who only assumed the reins of government in 1847) have not yet reigned 10 years.

Six sovereigns are unmarried, or have never been married. These are, independently of the Pope, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Duke of Brunswick, and the Princes of Reuss-Schleitz, Reuss-Lobenstein-Eberdorff, and Waldeck.

Six are widowers, viz. the King of Hanover, the Grand Dukes of Darmstadt and Oldenburg, the

Duke of Nassau, and the Princes of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen and Hohenzollern-Héchingen.

One sovereign lives in a state of polygamy; another (the Elector of Hesse) married according to the morganatic mode, or with the left hand; 36 have espoused princesses of reigning houses; and amongst them one has married a third time, and eight a second time.

The oldest of the wives of these 36 sovereigns (amongst whom there are three female crowned heads) is the Queen of France, who is 65 years and 8 months old; and the youngest is the Duchess of Modena, who is 24 years and 9 months old. The longest married is the Grand Duchess of Weimar, who has been a wife 43 years and 5 months. Of 44 sovereigns, married or widowers, 12 have no issue, or only by morganatic marriages. Of the other 32, those who have the largest number of children, after the Sultan, are the Prince of Liechtenstein, who has nine; the King of Bavaria and the Prince of Lippe, each of whom has eight, the Queen of Portugal and the Grand Duke of Baden, each of whom has seven.

The Dukes of Saxe-Altenburg having only daughters, it follows that only 31 sovereigns possess presumptive heirs qualified to succeed them; and amongst these the King of the French has, as his successor, a grandson; the Emperor of Brazil a daughter; and all the rest sons.

Fourteen sovereigns have only collateral relatives as their successors; 12 have brothers; the Queen of Spain her sister; and the Elector of Hesse a cousin.

Five sovereigns are without any certain successors in their line, viz. (besides the Pope), the Duke of Brunswick (whose brother has been declared incapable of reigning), the Duke of Anhalt-Bernburg, and the Princes of Hohenzollern-Héchingen and Reuss-Lobenstein-Ebersdorff.

Amongst the 45 princes who are either hereditary or presumptive heirs (of whom the Prince of Electoral Hesse, 60 years of age, is the oldest, and the Imperial Princess of Brazil, only 1 year and 5 months old, is the youngest), 23 are married to princesses of equal birth; but one of them, the Crown Prince of Denmark, has already been divorced a second time; 18 of these princes have children, amongst them the Prince John of Saxony, who has eight, is the possessor of the largest number.

The following changes took place in 1847 amongst the members of the sovereign families:—

The number of deaths was 14, including, as in 1846, three reigning princes, viz. the Elector of Hesse, the Duke of Anhalt-Köthen, and the Duchess of Parma; besides these, the wives of two sovereigns, viz. the princesses of Hohenzollern-Héchingen and Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen; two presumptive heirs, the Imperial Prince of Brazil and the Prince Frederick Francis Anthony of Hohenzollern-Héchingen, aged, the first 2 years and 3 months, and the second 57 years; three archdukes of Austria, viz. Joseph, aged 71; Charles, aged 76 (both uncles of the Emperor); and Frederick, son of the Archduke Charles, aged 26. So that the Imperial family of Austria lost, in the course of last year, four of its members; and the Emperor two uncles, one sister (the ex-Empress of France), and one cousin. Finally, there are included in this list of deceased one French Prince, the Duke of Guise, son of the Duc d'Aumale, a month old; Prince Ernest of Saxony, son of Prince John, aged 16; the Duke Adam of Wurtemberg, brother of the Queen, aged 55; and Lady Charlotte of Wurtemberg, wife of Duke Paul (brother of the King Regnant, and sister of the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg), aged 60; to whom must be added Madame Adelaide of Orleans, the old King's sister, who expired on the 31st ult.

In the family of the Bonapartes three died, besides his widow, the Duchess of Parma, viz. Jerome, the eldest son of his brother Jerome, the Count de Montfort, aged 42; the eldest daughter of his brother Lucien, the Donna Christina Egypta, afterwards Lady Dudley Stuart, aged 49; the eldest son of his sister Caroline, Louis Napoleon Achille Murat, formerly Duke of Clèves and Crown Prince of Naples, aged 46.

The births were 13 in number, including eight princes, the sons of the Queen of Portugal, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia, the Archduke Albert of Austria, the Duc d'Aumale of France (since dead), the Neapolitan Prince Count Louis d'Aquila, the Duke Max of Leuchtenberg, the Count Henry II. of Reuss-Kositz; and five princesses, daughters of the Emperor of Brazil, the Crown Prince of Sardinia, the Hereditary Prince of Luca (now Parma), the Duke Max of Bavaria, and the Prince Christian of Holstein-Glücksburg.

The number of marriages was four, viz. that of the Infante John Charles of Spain (son of Don Car-

los) to Mary of Modena; that of the Infante Henry of Spain (son of the Infante Don Francisco de Paula) to Dona Elena of Castella y Skelly Fernanda de Cordova; that of the Infanta Louisa Theresa of Spain (daughter of Don Francisco) to Don Jose Osorio de Moscow y Carbajal, Count of Trastámara, Duke of Sessa; and that of Prince Ferdinand of Modena to the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Fresh Gleanings; or, a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe. By I. MARVEL. Harper and Brothers.*

(THIRD NOTICE.)

WE cannot refrain from one other lively extract from this clever book:—

"THE CAFÉ."

"More can be learned of Parisian life and habits in one week at the café than in a year at your English hotel. To go to Paris without seeing the café, would be like going to Egypt without seeing the Pyramids, or like going to Jerusalem without once tarrying at the Holy Sepulchre. The cafés are distributed in every part of the French capital. They are the breakfast-houses of the inhabitants of the *maison garnie*; but not like any other breakfast-houses on earth are those of Paris. I remember that, in the old geographies, the gaiety of the French character used to be represented by a homely woodcut of a group of men and women dancing violently around a tree:—now, I cannot imagine a better type of Parisian life and habitude than would be an interior view of a Parisian café, with a gay and motley company loitering at the little marble tables, gossiping, reading the journals, and sipping their morning coffee. The Parisian takes there his chocolate and his paper—his half-cup and his cigar—his mistress and his ice; the provincial takes his breakfast and his *National*—his absinthe and his wife; even the English take their *Galignani* and their eggs, and the German his beer and pipe. It is the arena of the public life of Paris. What the Exchange is to a strictly commercial people, the café is to the French people. There the politics and amusements of the day meet discussion. Each table has its party, and so quietly is their conversation conducted, that the nearest neighbours are not disturbed. At one, two in the dress of the National Guard are magnifying M. Thiers; and an old gentleman at the next table, with gold spectacles and a hooked nose, is dealing out anathemas upon his head. Opposite the Porte St. Martin, whose foot ran blood during the three days of July, is the Café de Malte. There are more stylish cafés, but nowhere do they make better coffee between the Madeleine and the fountain of the Château. There F— and myself breakfasted many a morning—strolling down from the Rue de Lancry, a half-mile upon the Boulevards—turning in at the corner door upon the Rue St. Martin—touching our hats to the little blue-dressed grisette at the dais, who presided over spoons, sugar, and sous—and took our seats at one of the marble slabs, upon the crimson cushions.

"We were, in general, two of the forty frequenters at the Café de Malte. Beside us, would be some lieutenant in scarlet breeches, blue coat, and ugly cap,—very like the tin pail in which New England housewives boil their Indian puddings—with his friend—some whiskerado, who is tickling his vanity by looking at his epaulettes, and listening appausively to his critiques upon the army in Algiers. They are drinking a dose of absinthe to whet their appetites for dinner—a thing only to be accounted for from the fact that the officer dines at mess, and so cares little how much he eats; and that the whiskerado has an invitation to dine with a friend, and so wishes, by double eating, to do away the necessity of dining to-morrow. On another side of us, is perhaps an old man of sixty, who wears a wig, and looks very wisely over the columns of the *Presse*, and occasionally very crossly at a small dog, which an old lady next him holds by a string, and which seems to be playing sundry amusing and very innocent tricks over the old

gentleman's boots. The lady, his neighbour, looks fondly at her dog, sipping now and then at her chocolate—throwing bits of crumbs to her canine companion—all the while looking anxiously at every new comer through her glasses—possibly watching for some old admirer; for no circumstance, nor age, nor place, nor decrepitude, can dissipate a French woman's vanity. Another way, are three talkers, each with his half-cup discussing the *National*. Their ages are from twenty to eighty. There are three characters, from the impudent sauculottes to the dignified man of the school of the Girond. Here is a man, just opposite, with dirty hands, dirty nails, uncombed hair, and dirty beard, who has finished his coffee, and sits poring over a bit of music, altering notes, humming a tune, and drumming on the table with his fingers. He is, doubtless, an employé of the orchestra of the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin over the way.

"I, meantime, over my coffee, rich as nectar, a little pyramid of fresh radishes, a neat stamped cake of yellow butter, and bread such as is comparable with nothing but itself, am employing the intervals in study of the characters around me, or glancing through the windows upon the carts, and coaches, and omnibuses, and soldiers, and market-women, and porters, and gliding grisettes, all of which sunk, like a whirlpool, around the angles of the Porte St. Martin. Who that has seen the gay capital, knows not the Café de Paris? at least its outward shew of a summer's evening, when the Boulevard before it is full of loungers, and the saloons full within; and the Café Anglais upon the corner, and the Vefour, and the Rotonde of the Palais Royal?—I see before me now, though the hills and woods of home are growing green around me, the nice-looking, black-haired French girl of twenty, who used to come in with her mamma, every morning at eleven, precisely, to the Vefour, and hang her mischievous-looking green shred bonnet upon the wall above her head, and arrange the scattered locks, and smoothe the plaits upon her forehead with the flat of her white, delicate hand, giving all the while such side-looks from under it, as utterly baffled the old lady's observation. Do they take their coffee there yet? and does the middle-aged man with the red moustache, who sat opposite, bow as graciously as ever to madame first, and to mademoiselle last? And does he steal the sly looks over the upper columns of the *Constitutionnel*, as if the news were centred along the top lines, and as if I were not looking all the while between the rim of my coffee-bowl and my eyebrows for just such explications of Paris life?

"And does the little cock-eyed man at the De Lorme, who breakfasted on two chops and coffee, still keep *Galignani* till every English reader, and I among them, despaired? Even now, the reader has not half so definite an idea of a Paris café as I could wish he had, of the mirrors multiplying everything to infinity, of gilt cornices, of the sanded floors, of the iron-legged tables, of the German stove with its load of crockery, of the dais with its pyramids of sugar, of the garçons in their white aprons, shouting to the little woman at the desk—*dix-neuf—quarante—treize—cinq francs—vingt-et-un—vingt-cinq*. If one wants coffee at near sunrise, or on to six or seven, he must not look for it in the more stylish cafés. He must find his way to the neighbourhood of the diligence bureaux, or the railway; or he must dash boldly into the dim saloons of St. Antoine, or beyond the Pont St. Michel, or round the Halle au Blé, or Marchés Innocens. There he will find men in blouses, mechanics, country people, cab-drivers, and journeymen tailors, discussing the news of yesterday, or, perhaps six, looking over the *Constitutionnel* of the day. Such men count by the thousands, and make up a large part of the tone of popular feeling, with influence which, however much it may be derided in the saloon, is felt in the government,—an influence which, when inflamed, has brought the king and queen to execution. — And here I cannot help indulging, for a moment, in a quiet kind of triumph at thought of the liberty to mingle in all such scenes which one possesses who travels—as I had the good fortune to travel—alone. He is bound to sustain no aristocratic family pretensions; he is

tied to no first floor at the hotel; he has to consult no fastidious taste, except his own; he bears about with him but a single pair of curious eyes, that do not blink at dirt or smoke, if they are only seeing some new phase of the strange world they have come to see; throwing off the flimsy rôle of respectability, with a stout pair of English shoes he may wander over the city, mindless of the mud of St. Antoine, or the Ile St. Louis.

"Your travelling party are discussing, over a cold breakfast in the saloon of their hotel, where they shall go, what among the thousand sights they shall see, while I, two hours ago, have finished my coffee at some quiet table of the town; it was a different one yesterday, it will be a different one still to-morrow; and am ready for the glories of the Louvre, or the mass at Notre Dame. There are those whom the café does not satisfy. Fat old bourgeois from Lyons, wool-merchants from Chateauroux, or apple-sellers of Normandy, are not content with such mimicry of the provincial breakfast, whose abundance would rival a German dinner. Such—and American breakfast-eaters would come within the category, until Paris air has supplied Paris habits—must give their orders at home, or step into the restaurants within the Palais Royal, where morning meals of two dishes and dessert, and half a bottle of wine, are eaten for a franc and fifty centimes and down the Rue St. Honoré, real English breakfasts may be eaten for the same. Does F—, I wonder, remember the bread that used to stand on end like a walking-stick, in one corner of the salon, at the boarding-place in the Rue Beauregard, and the sour wine, and the old Madame with her snuff-box at her elbow, and her fingers and nose browned, and what a keen eye was hidden under her spectacles, and what blue-looking milk, and what sad, sad chops; and what a meek Monsieur, our old teacher, for help-meet? Yet it was passable, for there was Mademoiselle, blithe as a cricket all the day. But there are better boarding-places than that in the Rue Beauregard. — *Par exemple, la Rue de Bussy*. How neatly little Marie arranges the rooms; not a speck of dirt anywhere! and for table management, who can surpass Madame C—?

"I shall see them all again by and by; at least I hope it, and hope for a deep, rich bowl in the Café Vefour, and a crisp little loaf of the Vienna bread, and the journal, and sugared water, and all. It may be that on another visit, I may not be so free as at the last; it may be—since the American, like the Frenchman, is somewhat gregarious in his nature—that incumbrances may lie in the way of a resumption of the old rambling humour; but sure I am, that now and then of a morning I shall steal away from whatever pleasant or painful circumstances may environ me, and hunt up, with a child's mind, the old scenes, the youthful scenes, the dearly-remembered scenes, of which I am now writing. After midday at the café, the small half-cup gains upon the bowl of the morning; and for three hours after noon, there is a sensible falling off of visitors; and the trim *president* leaves her place to dress for the evening. Then drop in the sorry old single men, and quarrelling married men, and such curious observers as myself, to look at the fresh-faced, bright-eyed, neatly-dressed fair one who presides. As the hours pass, after dinner, loungers come in: old women with white lap-dogs waddle to the tables, and take their thimble-full of coffee. The seats outside the door fill up; they laugh, and lounge, and sip, and talk; some stroll away to the theatres; their places fill up. The lamps are lit. Young men call for ices—old men call for punches. At half the tables is the rattle of dominoes. Nine, ten, eleven, and twelve o'clock come over the Paris world. The omnibuses have stopped thundering by; the garçons put up the shutters. The people lounge away—not home—there is no such word in their language, but—*chez eux*. So, another day is gone from their life-time of pleasure, and they are twenty-four hours nearer the end."

* From the *Literary World*, the American Critic.

DECORATIVE ART.

DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

OTHER claims upon our time have so occupied this week that we have been unable to give attention to this Society, which, however, is sufficiently advanced to stand upon its own legs. Its utility is admitted; it is becoming known; we have said all that it is possible to say about its plans and its benefits, and it now rests with the members and agents to exert themselves to recommend it everywhere, and to procure for it the adhesion of all their friends and acquaintances. It is plain that much depends upon the personal exertions of the agents, for in some small places an agent has procured many members; while in other places ten times greater, the agent has obtained none. This can only be the consequence of difference in the exertions made by each. It is also a curious fact that the small towns have been much more fruitful of support than the large ones, and that it has found the least encouragement just where it is calculated to produce the greatest pecuniary benefits to the inhabitants—in the manufacturing districts! What can be the meaning of this? How is it to be explained?

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE model of the Edinburgh Statue of Wellington, in clay, is finished, and has been formally examined by the committee, who have expressed, in the warmest terms, their approval of Mr. Steell's design, and have passed an official minute to that effect. The preparations for the bronze castings are now being rapidly proceeded with. The casting operations are to be carried on in Edinburgh, and all the arrangements are as perfect and complete as possible. There seems no reasonable doubt that the statue will be finished by the time now fixed on, June 1849, or even earlier.—In France subscriptions are being raised for a monument to Saint Louis to be reared on the Strand of Aigues-mortes—it is hoped by the 25th of August. To enhance the historical interest, all the Bourbons of Europe are to be invoked to contribute.—The Place de l'Ecole Polytechnique, in Paris, is to be ornamented with four new fountains. The supply of water will be derived from the well of Grenelle.—The new arrangements at the School of Design in Somerset House, include the delivery of a series of lectures on the general principles of art by the paid masters of the school. The first of the series was delivered on Friday, by J. C. Horsley, A.R.A. a clever artist, and one of the successful candidates in the recent cartoon competitions in Westminster Hall. The subject of Mr. Horsley's lecture was "Colour and Painting;" and, though there was very little that was new in what he said, yet he contrived to keep interest awake. His chance allusions to what we should call the transition state of Raphael's art, from his early imitation of Perugino to the completion of his own great style, evinced a deeper study of the works of the old masters than many of his hearers will perhaps give him credit for, while his enumeration of the characteristics of Mr. Mulready and Mr. Edwin Landseer shewed in what way he could appreciate the excellences of inferior, though still high styles of art. Some new clock-faced diagrams of colours by Mr. Burckett were explained by Mr. Horsley, and the attention of the students was directed to four academy studies in red and black chalk and on whitish paper, made by Mr. Mulready with a fidelity and a feeling perfectly wonderful. A class for the study of the living models is about to be opened in the school, under the direction of the three head masters.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MR. LUMLEY has engaged Rubini for the coming season.—Mr. Charles Lucas has been appointed

conductor of the Amateur Musical Society, Mr. Balfe having resigned. The concerts will commence on the 25th of February, at the Hanover Rooms. —Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* is in rehearsal at Drury-lane Theatre, and will be produced shortly.

—The Norwich Musical Festival is to take place in the month of September next. The conductor and leader (as at the festival of 1845) are to be M. Benedict and Mr. T. Cooke. Among the pieces to be performed are Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Nothing new is expected.

—M. Danjon, a traveller in Italy, noted for his discoveries of unknown but superior musical compositions, states that he has just lit upon many traces of valuable music, modern and ancient.

The *Musical World* states that Mr. John Parry introduced, at a concert which took place at the Literary Institution, Islington, on Monday evening, a new song written by Mr. Roe, called *King Alfred, the Old Woman and the Cakes*, which told capitally. It gave a ludicrous description of the well known incident in King Alfred's life. Songs were successfully sung by the Misses Williams, Miss Ransford, Miss Mears, Miss Lockey, and Mr. Machin. Mr. Lindly played a solo, also one of Corelli's sonatas, on the violoncello (a companion by Mr. C. Severn on the double bass) with his wonted success. Mr. C. Severn presided with ability at the pianoforte, and the encores were numerous.—Miss Bingley has just achieved a triumphant success at Parma. She has been studying for some years in Italy under the best masters, and report gives her already great excellence, and still greater promise. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano, sweet, clear, and powerful; and her style and method are admirable. Miss Bingley was engaged at Venice, and was to have appeared on the 18th instant as ADINA, in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, after which she was to sing in the *Cenerentola*, *Don Pasquale*, *Il Barbiere*, &c.

The Musical Bouquet. Part XLII.

THIS number contains some excellent music, selected from the best composers, and forming a really useful addition to the pianoforte.

Two Polkas: Le Jour de L'An et La Fête des Rois. London: Addison and Hodson.

DANCE music should suggest the movement of the dance. Very marked time is the first requisite, liveliness the second, and with the polka a peculiar strain by which, independently of its measure, it may be known at the first bar for what dance it is composed. These qualities are conspicuous in the two very pretty polkas before us; and we have just enjoyed an agreeable half-hour's tripping to their inspiring melodies. We understand that the composer is a very young lady. If so, she promises fairly for future eminence in her art.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER-SQUARE.—Under distinguished Patronage.—The FIRST GRAND CONCERT of the Season will be given on THURSDAY, the 17th of FEBRUARY, by the infant Harpists, ADOLPHUS, ERNEST, and FANNY LOCKWOOD, aged eight, seven, and six years.

N.B.—To the purchasers of family tickets will be presented beautiful portraits of the children, executed by Baugnite, and coloured by the first masters.

MADAME WARTON'S WALHALLA.—CONTINUED SUCCESS OF LADY GODIVA, from Edwin Landseer's, R.A. forthcoming Picture. Every Morning and Evening this splendid production increases in popularity, and is received at each representation with acclamations of delight by crowded and fashionable audiences, and pronounced unanimously by the Public Press to be the chef d'œuvre of Madame Warton's original and unequalled personations. This day, Monday, and Friday Evening, and Wednesday the First Part will consist of the inimitable White Marble Statue Groupings, being their last three representations; and in the Second Part Madame Warton will appear as Innocence, Sappho, Venus, Lady Godiva, &c. &c. Morning performance at Three o'clock, Evening at Half-past Eight. Stalls, 3s. Reserved Seats, 2s. Promenade, 1s. On Monday, July 7, a splendid series of Moving Tableaux will be produced, for the benefit of Mr. Adams, Treasurer.

DRURY-LANE.—GRAND OPERA.—*The Maid of Honour*, and *The Bride of Lammermoor*, continue to be received with applause, and to attract good audi-

ences. Next week we are promised some novelties. The *Marriage of Figaro* will excite curiosity, to see how REEVE and Miss BIRCH will deport themselves in characters in which they will have to stand comparison with the greatest vocalists of all countries; and the pantomime gives place to a ballet, of which report speaks very favourably.

HAYMARKET.—A very successful farce, called *Dearest Elizabeth*, was brought out here on Saturday. It is the *bond fide* production of Mr. JOHN OXENFORD, without any pilfering from the French. It is thoroughly English in its construction, characters, and strain of humour. The story is thus told by a contemporary:—"The business of the farce consists in the embarrassments of Mr. Lionel Lax, a middle-aged gentleman, whose name imports the susceptibility of his temperament and the easiness of his morals. Having imbibed a temporary affection for a buxom widow in the neighbourhood, he takes occasion to write her a billet beginning, in the terms of superlative earnestness, 'Dearest Elizabeth.' This dangerous note is unluckily got hold of by the housemaid, who penetrates her master's gaiety, and sees visions of profit in the retention of the document. Now Lax, with a profound suspicion of human nature, anticipates the breeze that is in store for him if Mrs. Lax is informed of his delicate attentions elsewhere; and managing, with comic artfulness, to get her out of the house for a while, attacks the formidable Betsy, who, at first awfully impregnable and proof against the tone authoritative, the tone persuasive, and the tone confidential, which are successively tried, melts at length before the final arts of the little man, who, well nigh desperate, boldly declares that the letter was written to her—enforcing the protestation with a kiss that cracks like a percussion cap. Snatching the letter from her hand, under the pretence of finishing it, the ingenious Lax finds himself in possession of the perilous autograph; but narrating with chuckling glee to his gardener Humphrey the issue of the interview, he kindles the anger of the latter, who it seems is secretly married to the wily, but deluded housemaid. The gardener, in a spirit of revenge, seizes, in his turn, the billet; and thus the worried Lax is again plunged into a sea of hazard and perplexity. A friend, one Mr. Winch, however, arrives by accident, and confiding to him the secret of his anxieties, Lax persuades him to accept the onus of responsibility, and affirm that the note had been written by his dictation. But the wife of Winch comes in when least expected, and jealousy is awakened in that quarter, but she presently turns out to be 'dearest Elizabeth' herself, lately converted into Mrs. Winch, and a fresh dilemma arises, which it requires all the remaining tact of Lax to overcome. He does so, however, and at length re-recovers the letter just as Mrs. Lax returns from her walk; and to make all safe for the future, lights a cigar with the document—the curtain falling upon the last flicker of the blaze which consumes for ever all evidence of his correspondence with 'dearest Elizabeth.'" The humour of these situations was rendered peculiarly effective by KEELEY and his clever wife, for whom the characters were evidently constructed. KEELEY's Lax was something more than a display of dry humour; it was a profound impersonation of a well-imagined character. The audience so understood it, and the farce was announced for repetition amid well-deserved shouts of applause.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MADAME THILLON and LODER's music, in the pretty and cheerful opéra, *The Body Guard*, continue to attract delighted and crowded audiences, and we know of no such pleasant evening lounge as the comfortable boxes of this theatre, where all the senses are gratified at one's ease. Much *Ado about Nothing* has been added to the bill of fare; Mr. DAVENPORT playing *Benedict*, and Mrs. MOWATT *Beatrice*, neatly and respectfully, but with no merits that claim particular notice. A dual farce, called *Above and Below*, has also been produced. It consists in the courtship of the only two characters who appear; COMPTON, who occupies the story above, and Miss E. STANLEY, who occupies that below, and who make love and visit each other, by means of a trap-door in the ceiling. It is very short, very lively, and very improbable. But it produced roars of laughter, which extinguished a few perceptible hisses.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—We hope Mr. MITCHELL is not about to transfer the interminable dramas just now in such favour in Paris to the boards of a London theatre, for he may be assured that they will not become popular here with audiences who have so much else to think of and to do, and who seek the theatre as a relaxation, and not as do the French, as a part of the business of life. The attempt which has been made this week in the melodrama of *Diogenes* will, we trust, warn him that

he has made his first mistake in catering for English tastes. This gigantic drama, from the pen of M. DUMAS, we believe, lasted from eight o'clock till nearly one! The substance of the plot is thus described in *The News*:—"Diogenes appears as a young man from the country, arrived in Athens in search of fortune. He is in raptures with the splendour of the city and the beauty of its works of art, and, full of sanguine spirit, thinks he has only to choose the road to success. His illusions speedily vanish by the scenes of vice, folly, and misery, which he witnesses; his gay dreams give place to gloomy misanthropy—he becomes Diogenes the cynic; and when he reappears he has been for ten years the inhabitant of his tub, and one of the lions of Athens. The celebrated *Aspasia* wishes to add the cynic to the number of her slaves, and endeavours to get him to come to one of her splendid banquets. On his refusal, she and her brilliant company go to visit him in his tub. They meet with a rough reception; the philosopher lashes them all round with sharp sarcasms; but in reality is captivated with the fair courtesan, who, on her part, conceives a violent passion for him. From this point the piece falls sadly off. From being gay, sparkling, and satirical, it becomes a mere melo-dramatic love affair, unnatural and extravagant in the extreme, and without the slightest interest. The cynic philosopher, like any ordinary romantic hero, is driven to distraction by the belief that she is false and faithless, and restored to happiness, at the last, by the proof of her fidelity and innocence!" The star of the piece was M. BOCAGE, for whom it was imported, and whose personification of *Diogenes* was very meritorious. He played the cynical philosopher with great delicacy of portraiture. The piece was effectively put upon the stage—the costumes being classical and the grouping tasteful. But it will not bear repetition.

NECROLOGY.

PROFESSOR FINN MAGNUSSEN.

THE announcement of the death of this distinguished Icelander will be received with sorrow by all friends of Northern philology. He was born at Skalholt, in Iceland, in the year 1783. Having shewn promise of those attainments for which he was afterwards so deservedly celebrated, he was sent at an early age to the university of Copenhagen, where he completed his education, and took the usual degrees. Having turned his attention for a time to the study of the law, he returned to Iceland on his father's death in 1800, and was appointed an advocate in the Supreme Court at Reykjavik, the capital of the island. In this position he remained with little interruption till the year 1812, when he left Iceland, and established himself permanently at Copenhagen, in order that he might devote himself exclusively to Northern literature and science. His profound learning and rare powers of imparting that learning to those who listened to them, coupled with his amiable manners, soon secured for him the friendship of the most distinguished men of the day; and his late Majesty, King Frederic VI. as well as his present Majesty, King Christian, were pleased to bestow on him especial marks of their favour. In 1815 he was made Professor of Northern Literature in the University of Copenhagen, and in 1829 Keeper of the State Archives; he was also a Knight of the Order of the Dannebrog, and of that of St. Anne of Russia. As might be expected, he was ever foremost in advancing the cause of Icelandic literature, and took an active part in founding the various societies which have sprung up of late years in Copenhagen for that praiseworthy purpose. He was successively Secretary, Vice-president, and President of the Icelandic Literary Society, and on the foundation of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, of which the Crown Prince of Denmark is President, Professor Finn Magnussen was elected Vice-President, an office which he filled with honour till the day of his death.

Of his numerous works it will suffice to mention the greatest. These are, *The Theory of the Edda and its Origin*; in which the rise and progress of the old Northern beliefs as to the relations of gods and men—the Cosmogony of the North, in a word—are traced to their origin in the East, while at the same time those beliefs are compared with, and illustrated by, the Cosmogonies of the Indians, Persians, and Greeks, and other peoples. He was also one of the editors of the second and third volumes of the great edition of *Sæmund's Edda*, and, if we mistake not, sole compiler of the voluminous mythological lexicon which forms by far the greatest portion of the third volume. In his work entitled *Ranamo og Runerne* he was the first to throw light on the paleography of the North, and to propound rational ideas on the Runic system of writing. Besides these great works, he took an

active part in preparing the various editions of early Icelandic works which have been brought out with equal taste and criticism by the Arnamagnæan Trustees, by the Icelandic Literary Society, and by the Society of Northern Antiquaries; and in the transactions of those Societies numberless articles are to be met with by his hand, almost up to the period of his death, all testifying that he retained to the last his love for that science to which he had devoted his life, and for his native island, which has preserved uncorrupted during so many centuries a language the early literature of which surpasses, both in beauty and abundance, that of any European people. Professor Finn Magnussen, who, during a visit to England some years back, became acquainted with many to whom his memory is still dear, had been in ill-health for some months before his decease, which took place at Copenhagen on Christmas-eve. From what we have already said, it will readily be conceived that his death has caused a blank in Icelandic literature which will not easily be supplied.

JAMES CORRY, ESQ.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of our fellow-townsmen, James Corry, esq. which took place yesterday morning, at his residence, Montpellier Spa-buildings, in the 76th year of his age. The name of James Corry is one which has obtained a national celebrity in days gone by. A poet himself, he was the intimate friend and companion of Tom Moore, the bard of Erin. He was one of the famous brotherhood of "Kilkenny Boys," and mixed largely in the events which took place in Ireland preceding and at the time of the Union. Under the old régime he was clerk to the Linen Hall, Dublin, and enjoyed, up to the time of his death, a pension of 800*l.* per annum, granted him on the abolition of that office. As a poet and a friend of Ireland, Mr. Corry will be long remembered; as a warm-hearted and benevolent man he will be long and deeply regretted. There are few, who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, who will not receive the intelligence of his loss with the exclamation, "Alas, poor Corry!"—*Cheltenham Examiner*.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTH.

GROSVENOR.—On the 27th inst. in Park-street, Lady R. Grosvenor, of a son.

DEATHS.

CLARK, the Rev. George, M.A. 44 years chaplain to the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, from its foundation, and chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, on the 21st inst. at Kensington, aged 70.

HUTTON, Mr. Samuel, a descendant of the historian of Birmingham, on the 23rd inst. at Salford, aged 63.

LANCE, the Rev. W., M.A. formerly fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and for fifty-six years rector of the parish of Farecombe-cum-Tangley, on the 21st inst. at Netherton Rectory, near Andover, aged 86.

JOURNAL OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

MORTALITY IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE Registrar-General's report for the week ending Saturday, the 22nd inst. shews that a rate of mortality which considerably exceeds the average continues to prevail. The deaths registered in the metropolitan districts were 1,401; the winter average, 1,107; the excess, therefore, is 294. The total number gives a decrease on that of the previous week, which was 1,457. Influenza continues to decline; instead of 374, enumerated under this specific disease seven weeks ago (when, as has been formerly stated, the mortality from all other maladies was exceedingly aggravated by the same cause), the deaths in last week were only 89. It is worthy of remark that, during the last nine weeks, the deaths in each return have exceeded the births of the same return, with the exception of a single week; and, in the whole period, the deaths are in a majority of 3,661, a depopulating process which, it is probable, already involves the loss of considerably more than a third of the natural increase of the year. Among the deaths from external causes in the previous week is that of a child, who died in the sub-district of Bow, from "fits caused by disease augmented by pestilential air from bad drainage," according to the coroner's verdict.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Jan. 7. J. E. GRAY, Esq. F.R.S. President, in the Chair. Various donations to the library and herbarium were announced, and five new members were elected. Dr.

PLANCHON communicated some remarks on *Ulmus*, chiefly concerning the British species. Dr. P. stated the result of his investigation of the genus to be the conviction that all British Elms are referable to two species, *Ulmus campestris*, and *U. montana*, the former distinguishable by the seed being placed near the apex of the winged fruit, the outline of which thus becomes more or less obovate; the latter by the seed being about or below the middle of the fruit, which thus becomes elliptical. A long and animated discussion ensued, in which many of the members joined.

Mr. G. E. DENNES, the secretary, stated that the council had appointed Mr. WOODWARD Curator, and that the rooms would be open every Tuesday and Friday, from ten to four o'clock.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind; by and through ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, the "Poughkeepsie Seer" and "Clairvoyant." In 2 vols. London, 1847. Chapman.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

THE more we reflect upon this work, the more satisfied we feel that it is neither an imposture, as some say, nor a revelation, as some pretend. Certainly it does bear about it a most suspicious stamp of Swedenborgianism; and when it is remembered that Professor BUSH, with whose *imprimatur* it is ushered into the world, is the great American disciple of the European dreamer, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that he has not a little shaped the thoughts of his patient; nor are we at all sure if, as appears, there really exist a sympathy between the patient and the mesmeriser, whereby the former reflects, as it were, the impressions upon the mind of the latter, but that DAVIS was only giving utterance to the thoughts of Professor BUSH. We suggest this as an explanation, upon the principles of mesmerism, of the production of a somnambulist which, with the strictest *bona fides* on his part may yet be altogether untrustworthy; and while really uttered in the mesmeric sleep may, after all, be but the suggestion of another. And we are much inclined to suspect that so it was here, and that these utterances must be to a great extent deemed rather the imaginations of Professor BUSH than the revelations of ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Doubtless there are many portions of the work which may have proceeded from the somnambulist. It is possible, and, assuming the truth of mesmerism as a fact in nature, probable, that DAVIS may have communicated much that is valuable within the range of observation or reflection of a mind whose faculties are highly exalted, as are those of persons in the somnambulist state. All beyond that is so thoroughly apocryphal, and so entirely to be explained without charging imposture on the one hand, or assigning inspiration on the other, that we are justified in at once and entirely rejecting them.

Perhaps the most interesting and really most trustworthy parts of these elaborate revelations are those which describe the condition of the somnambulist, and the means by which his perceptions are rendered so singularly acute; and to these we will limit our extracts. Much of the remainder we cannot but look upon as ingenious imaginations.

All the phenomena of *Animal Magnetism*, he says, are dependent upon two fluids, which, for want of a better name, and as bearing most resemblance to them, though they are not precisely identical, may be termed *Electricity* and *Magnetism*. By means of the organs of sense, the mind perceives external things; but it has sensations of its own, independently of the affection of the organs, as is proved in sleep, when we feel, and see, and hear, and taste, although no objects to excite these sensations are presented to the senses. There is, therefore, plainly demonstrated an existence independent of the sensuous organs; and of this, the mental system, the motive power, is Magnetism—of the physical system, Electricity.

When a human being is in a condition of perfect health, the two systems precisely balance each other. The magnetic and electric forces, the one positive, the other negative, are in equilibrio, and

the whole being acts together in unison and harmony.

All organic beings are thus ever surrounded and filled, as it were, with an atmosphere of magnetism, just as all inorganic matter is transfused and surrounded with an atmosphere of electricity; and, as the latter are mutually affected by means of this atmosphere, so are the former through the medium of theirs.

The state termed magnetic is therefore thus produced.

As with inorganic bodies and their electric fluid, where they are brought in contact, so it is with organic bodies, and the magnetic fluid. The state called magnetic is simply the disturbance of the equilibrium between the electric and magnetic fluids, which are always in the opposite state of positive and negative. If one system of greater come in contact with one of less positive power, it will immediately attract the positive or magnetic power from the subject's system, and that fluid withdrawn, the patient is not susceptible of external impressions, simply because the medium by which they are transmitted is *absent*. He is then, in fact, *demagnetised*, leaving sensation only existing on the internal surfaces which produce *vital* action. The negative power remains; the positive is gone. In this condition the patient is in sympathy with, or is submissive to, the will, or positive magnetic power of the operator. This is the *first* state.

The subject in the first state is obedient to the will or wish of the operator, through an established equilibrium of the two forces which must exist in all things to produce motion. The subject is negative; The operator is positive. Hence the negative phenomena, witnessed in the patient's system, stand in analogy to *muscular motion*, or negative manifestations in *one* man. The subject and operator form *one* system in power. There is a visible disunion, yet there does exist an invisible union. One is positive, the other negative; and the one performs negatively what the other performs positively. And this representation illustrates the condition: man, when interrupted in any of his functional capacities, stands magnetised; one part of his system being *positive*, the other *negative*, and the two being united by an equilibrium which does (yet invisibly) exist; and all phenomena produced by his mind as the *positive*, upon his body as the *negative*, are parallel to what takes place in the patient and the operator.

Thus the phenomenon, known as *magnetic*, does not controvert or subvert in any way the laws of Nature; but instead thereof, such should be looked upon as a progression and further development of the laws which govern organic beings. The placing of one person in the magnetic state, he composing the negative, and the operator the positive, thus brings the law that controls one system in its various parts, to control *two* beings, as composing *one* with all the requisite magnetic forces.

There are properly four magnetic states:—

In the *first*, no particular phenomena are witnessed, only that, the external organs being in some measure divested of their ordinary share of magnetism, a feeling of dulness pervades the system. Persons in this state lose none of their senses, but are susceptible to all external impressions. They have also the full power of muscular action; and if situated nearly midway between the first and second states, they are inclined to happy feelings. And all phenomena witnessed in this state are only of a *physical* nature: but in the higher states, the phenomena consist in the development of the mental powers.

The *second* state is manifested through the *mental* organisation. Its phenomena are thus described:—

The patient still manifests his intellectual faculties, but is deprived of all muscular power. The pupil of the eye expands, and that organ refuses to act on the brain. The tympanic membrane and cavity of the ear expand and refuse to perform their wonted action. The extremities are somewhat cold. In the latter part of this state all sensation and feeling is destroyed, so that any surgical operation can be performed without giving pain. The patient in this condition appears mentally associated with the operator. All the external organs being closed, there is no possible means of receiving impressions from without; but all phenomena are produced through the medium which exists between the operator and the patient. Hence there are sympathetic, incoherent, and indefinite accords received from the mind of the patient, which

are analogous to the impressions from the man previously spoken of, who seemingly recognised external realities during his moments of dreaming. Thus the phenomena are of a *mental* nature, and are a natural production of the mind so situated.

These are the phenomena of the *third* state:—

The ear is not entirely closed to sound in the first part of the third state. The patient can hear indistinctly, possesses the power of speech, and partly of muscular action. About the middle of this state, the ear is completely closed, and all impressions made upon the brain from external objects are at an end. The patient is then placed in an unconscious condition so far as the external world is concerned. Divested of his ordinary share of magnetism, he possesses just enough to perform vital action. In this state there is a strong sympathy existing between the operator and his subject. The chain of sympathy which connects the mind of the operator with that of his subject is *animal electricity*,—the same fluid which is the agent of all muscular motion. It is through the agency of this fluid that magnetic sleep is induced. The operator sits down with the determination of putting his subject to sleep: all the powers of his mind are concentrated on this object. His will being exercised to this point, the electric fluid passes from his own brain and nerves to the brain and system of his patient, and forms between the two a chain of sympathy. The one, then, is completely subject to the control of the other; and in this manner you may easily account for all the phenomena witnessed in the sympathetic somnambulist.

In this state the patient is wholly unsusceptible to any tangible or physical connection, no feeling existing upon the surfaces. The magnetic medium is far less active than in the previous states; but the negative or muscular forces are still preserved. At this crisis the mind is extremely susceptible of external mediums which connect mind to matter. Hence the subject appears to see and hear, and to perform many wonderful and mysterious things during this condition of the mental faculties. This is a state of still higher mental development, and of consciousness or perception of mediums. This is often supposed to be the *clairvoyant* state; but it is not. It stands in analogy to *natural somnambulism*; only one is a phenomenon induced by magnetism, and the other is a similar mental state, but naturally produced by an inactivity of the magnetic medium or sensation.

And this is the *fourth* state:—

Passing from the third to the fourth state, a still greater and higher mental manifestation will be observed. About midway between these two conditions, the mind loses almost all its sympathy which attaches it to the system. At this time the chain of sympathy existing between the positive and negative is nearly disconnected. The mind becomes free from all inclinations which the body would subject it to, and only sustains a connection by a very minute and rare medium, the same that connects one thought with another. In this condition the patient progresses into the fourth state. Then the mind becomes free from the organisation, except as connected by the medium before mentioned; and then it is capable of receiving impressions of foreign or proximate objects, according to the medium with which it particularly becomes associated. The body at this time is dormant and inactive in all its parts, except the negative, or muscular and vital action, which is constantly kept and controlled by the united forces of the operator upon the operator. And this stands in analogy to that natural state of physical disunion known as *death*. Death is produced by the loss of both forces; but the *clairvoyant* state is produced by the blending of the forces of the two persons, and making them physically equivalent to one. The mind, in the first case, loses all of the medium which connects it with the body: the latter is the same state mentally with the former, with the exception of the medium referred to. All the phenomena are seen, and do exist, in every being. Their healthy state is the magnetic state, and the various conditions and developments of the mind during sleep, until death, are analogous to the various phenomena induced by magnetism,—only one is an ordinary manifestation, and the other is a further development of the same principles and laws which constitute and govern animal organisation.

Here we pause; but there is so much matter for thought in the description of the manner in which these phenomena are said to be produced, that we must once more return to it.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE author of the *New Timon* is again before the world with a poem bearing all the marked characteristics of his last very successful production. It is called *King Arthur*.—In compliance with their solicitation the editors of the journals of Munich have been authorised by the government to refrain from inserting articles in which suppressions may have been made by the censors. Under the ministry of M. Abel they were compelled to publish every article, however mutilated by the censorship, under the penalty of a heavy fine.—It is proposed by Messrs. Brett, of Hanover-square, to establish an international communication, *via* Dover and Calais, by their Printing Electric Telegraph; the English and French Governments have conceded grants to the projectors, and it is understood that the French Minister of the Interior, M. Duchatel, expressed an ardent desire for the fulfilment of the undertaking, and liberally promised to give it his cordial support. The experiments made with this Printing Electric Telegraph on land have been at a distance of 146 miles between the points of communication, and are said to have been performed with the same rapidity and certainty as at a distance of only a few feet.—There is much talk among the Parisians respecting the great comet expected to visit us during the present year. It was witnessed in 1264, and again in 1556, according to the records in history. In the latter year "its beams were short and flickering, with a motion like that of the flame of a conflagration or of a torch waved by the wind. It alarmed the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, believing his death at hand, is said to have exclaimed—

His ergo indicis me mea fata vocant.

This warning, it is asserted by the historians, contributed to the design which the monarch formed, and executed a few months later, of resigning the imperial crown to his brother Ferdinand. Halley calculated the path of this comet, and found it in all points resembling that of the great comet chronicled in 1264."—Late on Monday afternoon, the 17th inst. the workmen in St. Nicholas' Church, Yarmouth, discovered a stone coffin in the south aisle of the nave, not two inches under the surface, and which appeared never to have been disturbed. On removing the lid, nothing was found beyond some dust and a number of bones, and the remains of the mottastic cowl and garb in which the body had been wrapped. There was a recess shaped purposely for the head. There was no trace of pastoral staff, patten, chalice, ring, or other religious emblem of office; and thence it was surmised that the deceased was only a monk, or a lay associate of the Benedictine Priory here, which was a cell to the great priory at Norwich. The lid and the coffin were each hewn out of a single block of ketten stone. There was not a trace of either letters or figures, but no doubt was entertained that the coffin was at least as old as the year 1250, and probably much older.—Mr. R. D. Grainger, F.R.S. the lecturer on Physiology at St. Thomas's Hospital, has been appointed by the council of the Royal College of Surgeons to deliver the annual oration on the 14th of February next, in memory of the founder of the Hunterian Museum, that day being the anniversary of the birth of John Hunter.—The astronomers of Pulkova have ascertained the existence of a third satellite of the planet Uranus.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON RAGGED SCHOOLS.—

The secretary of the ragged school of Dumfries, the native district of Mr. Carlyle, has received from him the following characteristic letter:—

Chelsea, Dec. 31, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—I readily contribute my mite to your Samaritan project, and wish it good speed with my whole heart. In your locality I believe it is much called for, as indeed in most other localities, in these miserable times. Ragged schools are not known to me except by public rumour, nor that scheme of visiting which you propose; but the very definition is a recommendation for such attempts, and awakens in every bystander the wish to see them everywhere

faithfully tried. For it is very certain man can teach and guide another; men possessed of some knowledge and virtue can impart thereof to others possessing less or none; and if they never come in contact, in practical constant communications with one another, they cannot even have a chance to accomplish this, which is the summary of all social duties, everlastingly binding, whether it be done or not; and the greatest benefit, probably the one benefit, that man can do to man in our world. Ragged schools, with a good effectual schoolmaster, who did not stand by his horn-books, and slates, and copy-books alone, but could frankly lay open a wise, hearty, healthy, human soul to ignorant, dirty, encumbered little human souls,—such an arrangement I could fancy to be the most excellent of all devices for your object; and as to that of visiting, I well remember reading Dr. Chalmers's development of that scheme, as practised by him in Edinburgh, and feeling that it was full of really practical sense—that if there was any plan of getting the work done, this, beyond all others, was it. May you prosper well; attract whatever is modest, and willing, and effective, round you to co-operate; and see if slowly, yet certainly, good fruit attend your husbandry. One other wish I will utter, that you may have virtue given you to follow that invaluable precept, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth!" A precept very difficult to follow in your peculiar circumstances, but one which all men, in all circumstances, can in some manner follow, and which no man departs from without fatal damage to his enterprise, as many low-spouting "Mechanics' Institutes," Bible societies even, and Exeter-hall "labours of love" may, in their present ruinous state, after such assiduous beating the drum, well testify to us.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours very sincerely,
T. CARLYLE.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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The tenth volume of Alison's History of Europe during the French Revolution, 8vo.; the ninth volume was published in 1841.

WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WEEK.

A SINKING IN POETRY.—Not many years since (says the *Glasgow Post*) a humble bard, the author of a number of popular Scottish songs, waited upon a titled landowner in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, to solicit the liberty of dedicating a volume of songs, about to be published, to his intended patron, and at the same time craving the rich man's patronage to the forthcoming work. After the necessary formalities, the poet obtained an introduction, when he proceeded to hand his manuscript to the great man, and to explain the object of his visit. While the landowner was perusing the verses, the poet directed his special attention to the words of the dedication, which, amongst other details, explained, in appropriate terms, the place where the bard first became inspired with a love for the muse—viz. "by the sweet winding streams and romantic scenery of Bedlay," and gave as a reason for the use of the noble owner's name in the preface, that on his grounds he had first learnt the pleasing art. To the poor author's astonishment he observed the muscles of the neck of the great man gradually expanding until he had apparently worked himself up into a towering passion, when to the terror of the poet he burst out with, "And, sir, what right had you to wander by the banks and streams of Bedlay? I see now who it is that breaks down my young hedges. Patronage, sir!—I have a good mind to commit you for trespass. Songs, you villain; be off, and sing your songs in some more appropriate quarter."

PUNS ON NAMES.—Shenstone used to bless his good fortune that his name was not obnoxious to a pun. He would not have liked to have been complimented in the same strain as a certain Mr. Pegge was by an old epigrammatist:—

"What wonder if my friendship's force doth last
Firm to your goodness? You have pegg'd it fast.

Little could he foresee, as Dr. Southey has observed, that it was obnoxious to a rhyme in French-English. In the gardens of Ermenonville, M. — placed this inscription to his honour:—

This plain stone
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he display'd
A mind natural;
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian greens rural."

—Southey's *The Doctor*, Vol. VII.

HOW TO BECOME A JUDGE OF PICTURES.—"Sposin' it's pictures that's on the carpet, wait till you hear the name of the painter. If it's Rubens, or any o' them old boys, praise, for it's agin the law to doubt them; but if it's a new man, and the company ain't most especial judges, criticise. 'A kettle out o' keeping,' says you; 'he don't use his greys enough, nor glaze down well; that shadder wants depth; general effect is good, though parts ain't; those eyebrows are heavy enough for stucco,' says you, and other unmeaning terms like those. It will pass, I tell you; your opinion will be thought great. Them that judged the cartoons at Westminster Hall knew plaguy little more nor that. But if this is a portrait of the lady of the house hangin' up, or it's at all like enough to make it out, stop—gaze on it—walk back—close your fingers like a spy-glass, and look through

'em, amazed like—enchanted—chained to the spot. Then utter, unconscious like, 'That's a most beautiful pictur', by heavens! that's a speakin' portrait. It's well painted, too; but whoever the artist is, he's an unprincipled man.' 'Good gracious!' she'll say, 'how so?' 'Cause, madam, he has not done you justice.'—*Sam Slick*.

Christianity is, in its inmost nature, the religion of suffering humanity. The Ancients had no hospitals; in Christian lands, the care of the sick is a primary object of public and private business. How often have the daughters of princes, out of humanity and Christian love, laid aside their ornaments, to heal wounds and assuage pains; to relieve, nurse, and comfort the beggar upon his bed of thorns. Thus religion, which seems at first to have only Heaven in her eye, lightens also our life here below.—*Jacobs*.

In vain mournest thou over the God that, as thou falsely thinkest, has passed away and is no more. Nothing disappears or is destroyed which is worthy to live. Thrust truth down to the bottom of the sea; it toils its way up again, and appears only purer and more fair. However much folly may mistake her, however deep she may bury her in the earth, her divine power still escapes, and commends to men who love her unceasingly, her fruits and flowers. Go through the history of the human mind, that is, of its opinions and convictions, and it will almost seem as if the accidental spread of truth was more agreeable to the Deity than the methodic; or, to express it more properly, he will have it present itself to men freely and without constraint, to be by them received in free love. There have at no time been wanting men, who have offered to truth, or what seemed to them truth, their arm and sword; they have also forced a kind of marriage with her, but such a marriage is always fruitless. It is as if they should plant a grove where every tree should be held in its place by strong stakes, but without roots; and when the storm rises, all are laid low. Fruits had also been bound upon them, fair and lovely to behold; but these rot off, and then first springs up from the freely scattered seed, where one had least expected it, a healthy shoot. How often has a fleeting word, spoken in a happy moment, sunk into the depths of a heart that was not before open to any such instruction; how often has the word of another created a world of thought, and kindled in the darkness the clear day of knowledge! It better becometh thee, and thou wouldst act more piously, in humility to rever to this chance which a divine wisdom rules, than to press thy truth upon man. All force is here sinful, yea, the greatest of sins against the free spirit. Only that which forms itself freely, enjoys any duration. Therefore are those the worst enemies of truth who plough her fields with the sword, and bind her to the yoke of power; and with whatever title or words they may adorn themselves, they are to be ranked with that tyrant who construed the wailing cries within his brazen bull into a song of praise.—*Jacobs*.

PROFESSIONAL BREVITY.—When Mason was preparing the case of E. K. Avery, and had examined about 200 witnesses, somebody called to see him. The legal gentleman sent word that he was occupied and could not be interrupted. "But the man is a witness,—a Methodist minister."—"Call him up," said Mason. "Well, sir, what can you testify?"—"I have had a vision; two angels have appeared to me and told me that brother Avery is innocent."—"Let them be summoned!" said Mason, as he resumed his work.—*Boston Athenæum*.

THE MODEL MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.—Her age is 14. Her arms are bare and her feet slipshod. Her curls are rarely out of paper. She sports a clean apron on the Sunday, about tea-time. It is a mystery where she sleeps; some say the kitchen in one of the large drawers; and others declare she has a turn-up bed in the hall-clock; but it is not known for positive whether she ever goes to bed at all. She has a wonderful affection for the cat. Everything that is missed, or lost, or broken, or not eaten, she gives unhesitatingly to him. She is not fond of the drawing-room, but has a good-natured partiality for the garret, who sings funny songs, and gives her occasionally an order for the play. She takes her dinner whilst washing the dishes, and never gets her breakfast till all the floors have done with the one teapot. She tries very hard to answer five bells at once, and in despair answers none. She always forgets the mustard, and prefers blowing the fire with her mouth instead of the bellows. Her hands will not bear minute inspection; and no wonder, for she is cleaning boots, or washing, or cooking dinners, all day long. She carries coats in a dustpan, hands bread on a fork, and wipes plates with her apron. She is abused by everybody, and never gets a holiday. She only knows it is Sunday by the lodgers stopping in bed later than usual, and having twice as many

dinner to cook. She is never allowed to go out, excepting to fetch beer or tobacco. She hears complaints without a murmur, and listens to jokes without a smile. She gets 6l. a year, and is expected to wait on about twenty persons, to do the work of five servants, to love all the children in the house, and to be honest for the money. It is not known what becomes of the model maid-of-all-work in her old age. It is believed, however, that she sinks into the charwoman at the age of twenty. Landladies, be gentle to her!—*Punch*.

A Parisian author has translated Shakspeare's line, "Out, brief candle," into French thus:—"Get out, you short candle!" That is not as bad as the translation of an exclamation of Milton's by a Frenchman, who rendered "Hail, horrors—hail!" thus,—"How d'y'e do, horrors—how d'y'e do?"

To Readers and Correspondents.

- "Mrs. E."—*The Historical Charade is not suited for us.*
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 "ANNIE."—*Neither of the poems suits us. The poem entitled "Futurity," is not quite adapted for our columns.*
 "W. S.'s" poem entitled "Heart," is also below our standard.

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To Professor Holloway. (Signed) ALDBOROUGH.
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